The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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UNDER THE SURFACE

BEFORE the next issue of this journal reaches its readers, the season of Advent will be half over, and throughout all the world the children of the Catholic Church will be preparing for Christmas, together with the many millions of Christians who are not members of the Church, but who believe that Jesus Christ is truly God and truly Man. Many millions of others who have not retained this positive belief in Christ still preserve some portion at least of the Christian tradition, and for them also Christmas retains a special meaning and significance apart from all other times. For all these, though with a greatly varying intensity, the great Introit, or opening prayer, of the Mass for the third Sunday of Advent, will have a tremendous significance. "Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say, rejoice," says the Liturgy, using the words of Saint Paul. "Let your modesty be known of all men: for the Lord is nigh. Be nothing solicitous; but in everything by prayer let your petitions be made known unto God." Then the Liturgy turns to the Psalms of David for the exultant burst of confident faith with which it concludes the prayer, chanting from the myriad altars of the Church throughout the world: "Thou hast blessed Thy land, O Lord; Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob."

Even in Russia, and Mexico, or Germany, where the captivity of the Church is apparently enforced, or threatened, as in all the lands where on the surface of life God's blessing would seem absent rather than manifest, the same note of joy, and gratitude, and confidence, will be struck by the Church, and all her children will be enheartened, and will believe that under the surface events of life the great tide of God's love is rising, and is bearing humanity toward liberty and peace in spite of all the present troubles and calamities.

As the writer of this editorial read through the

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great mass of news reports, and commentaries upon those reports, coming from all parts of the world, and tried to decide what topic he should select for treatment in this place, somehow the thought of what the Church would say on the third Sunday of Advent occurred and reoccurred with such emphasis that he was impelled to turn from the vast confusion of world events, including those in which the Church was involved, and to look instead, if only briefly and superficially, at some of those less sensational and less exciting things which rarely are recorded in the secular press, and which even in the religious press are subordinated to what seems to be more interesting, or more important. We mean by this, the things which bring at least partially and dimly to the surface of life proofs or signs of the vast, silent, invisible, inner life of the Church, upon the potency of which all its exterior activities really depend—the sacramental life, the life of prayer, and self-sacrifice, the mystical life of the Church; which the world does not know, but without the influence of which the world would speedily become a chaos.

For example, in a desert region in the extreme south of Syria, a little band of nuns, the Sisters of St. Joseph, who conduct a school and a dispensary, have bored a well which is supplying the desert residents with water hitherto unobtainable in that region. Schooling, and medical care, and now the water supply, are all given without charge. Again: the International Council of the Apostleship of the Sea has issued a statement suggesting a plan for the coordination throughout the world of all the Catholic agencies (still far too few and too poorly equipped: but growing more numerous and stronger) which are designed to bring spiritual aid to Catholic seafarers, a work "which for several centuries has been gravely neglected, to the great danger of the world both in the cause of Catholic truth and of that peace which is enshrined within the Catholic Church."

Once more: the government authorities of Ecuador have appealed to the Catholic missionaries working in the remote district of Tena for assistance in opposing the tyranny and extortion exercised over the savages of Tena by the closely organized cult of wizards called "brucos." These wizards have gained remarkable power and have reduced their victims to a piteous condition of servitude. So the Josephite Fathers from Turin, Italy, are taking up the work of rescue and of mercy. In Canada, the auxiliary Archbishop of Montreal has formally opened the new St. Mary's Hospital in that city, the latest project of the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal, for which in despite of the depression they subscribed $1,250,000. The Sisters of Charity are in charge. In Alaska, however, two Eskimo members of another community of nuns, the Congregation of Our Lady of the Snow—Sister Martina Azian and Sister Gertrude Ayomik—have died while nursing the victims of a local epidemic. In St. Paul, James Shields is celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of his beginning the serving of the priest at Mass. After many years of regular service as an altar boy, he volunteered to be ready to serve whenever a boy was not available, and for half a century he has been verifying the truth of the dialogue which begins the preparatory prayers. "The Priest: I will go in unto the altar of God. The Server: Unto God, who giveth joy to my youth."

Furthermore: A Southern section of the American Catholic Philosophical Association has been formed, the first session meeting recently in New Orleans, attended by more than one hundred students of philosophy representing various religious orders. And a highly important movement aiming at practical cooperation among Catholic colleges has been launched at a meeting in Atlantic City attended by more than eighty college presidents and deans. Many more items could be culled from the news of the week regarding the educational activities of the Church.

Yes, and literally thousands of other separate items might be gathered and put together did space and time permit, all testifying to the signs of the mighty, world-embracing life-force of the Catholic Church, at work beneath the surface of the times; quietly, mightily, ceaselessly proceeding with the manifestation on earth of the loving will of God. Wars and rumors of wars, economic disasters and panics and depressions, crime and sin, may rage and rave upon the surface of life; but out of the deep wells of the spirit pours forth the stream of healing and of benediction and of peace, and the voice of the Church is heard from the multitude of her altars singing in calm certitude: "Rejoice . . . again I say, rejoice . . . for the Lord is nigh."

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

ECONOMIC nationalism, its strength and limitations, continued to be under debate throughout the world, less vociferously here than abroad but very actually none the less. Great importance attaches, for example, to Secretary Claude A. Swanson's report on the navy, which urges a "fleet second to none." During the present year, he said, the government had adopted "a definite policy to build up our navy to the strength permitted by the treaties of naval limitation to which this country is a party." Though not averse to uniform disarmament by the world's powers, Mr.

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Swanson wrote enough to indicate that Washington regards fleet building as an especially desirable outlet for national spending and as a guarantee of a stable foreign policy. This policy seems characterized in particular by the resolve to look upon Asia as a continent open to American commercial and political energies. Japan's endeavors to underwrite an Asiatic "Monroe Doctrine" are being vigorously opposed, while relations with Latin-American countries are not being fostered with any great vigor. All this is eminently natural if the Pacific is thought to be a key to the industrial future. Just how far we as a people are prepared to go there, must depend eventually to no little extent upon nationalistic enthusiasm. Perhaps the opening bars of allegros and andantes expressive of that emotion are now being played. Are we preparing to sponsor action in the Far East contingent upon a preponderance of naval strength? If so, to what extent would such a policy support the moves of British imperial policy? These questions are of self-evident interest and significance.

Does Europe Want War?

PROPHETS have it that war will begin in Europe next spring, or summer, or fall—very soon in other words, although the seers disagree concerning the opening date. We find ourselves wondering whether the evidence is entirely in favor of that conclusion. A number of European spokesmen, few of them in fashion just now, have lately expressed a doubt; and while Sir Philip Gibbs, in his latest book, considers a clash inevitable unless certain things are done, he dishes up so much pacifistic sentiment harvested in all countries that he leaves one wondering just how an army would look which marched off singing hymns against Mars. Existing feeling differs not a little from the theoretical pacifism of 1914. Then people who thought mankind too advanced for bayonet fighting, and who reasoned that a conflict couldn't last more than a few months anyway, were caught in the grip of a sudden crisis which left them easy victims to the argument that the other fellow had started it and that the other fellow was therefore a horrible monster. Today Europe is in the trough of a storm which has lasted more than four years and the worst of which may still be around the corner. Everybody has been talking war so constantly that (a) the element of surprise is gone and (b) the chance to blame it on another country is steadily diminishing. German nationalists built up a big story on the theme that the fatherland was in peril of attack, so that arming was necessary. But it is going to be difficult to keep people in the dugout mood if months go by without other signs of warfare than the drilling of the incomparable S. A. Of course anything may happen. But we should not be astonished if the whole cloud blew over with little wreckage beyond a handful of bright new major-generals.

The Roof-tree

WHAT will be done for the family fireside still remains more than a bit of a mystery. The debate between Messrs. Moffett and Ickes stressed very essential matters, such as the question of the value of housing as a public work and the problem of home financing through existing banks. It would seem that the compromise effected will enable Mr. Moffett to go ahead insuring private loans to private individuals, much in the same way as bank accounts are now guaranteed against diminuation, while Mr. Ickes busies himself with slum clearance and subsistence homesteads. The big doubt in everyone's mind is whether enough people will want to finance and build houses privately, thus making an appreciable dent in the unemployment situation. Large blocks of government dwellings made to sell below cost would doubtless require a greater number of ergs of human energy in the immediate future, and would meet the needs of economically sub-marginal families. There is little doubt, however, that the average home-owner as well as the normal worker at a building trade would in the long run prove highly antagonistic to government housing. Such hostility has been manifest in nearly all countries where nationally financed building has flourished. In Germany it provided an emotional note on which Dr. Schacht could always strike when he needed applause. These ventures are hard on the taxpayer, and the tendency has usually been that dwellers in high-priced dwellings seek lower-priced ones, forcing the unfortunate into fresh squalor or erecting barriers of trade union or party membership, which eventually lead to a clash. The whole problem is one that needs handling with extreme caution. We think that the argument between Messrs. Moffett and Ickes indicates the existence of such caution, and hope that the government will find the most intelligent possible recipe for handling so vital a human difficulty as home-making in these times has become.

Boycotting Mexico

IT HAS been suggested that one means of opposing godless government in Mexico would be an economic boycott, particularly against silver purchases by the United States government. We find ourselves unable to endorse this idea, much as we are opposed to the reigning persecution. If the government did boycott silver purchases, it could legitimately be asked by the Jews to boycott transactions with Germany. To do either thing would mean breaking off diplomatic relations with the nations in-

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volved. And while we believe that our country can act more forcefully and intelligently in behalf of world betterment than it has, we do not think that the route lies through dictation or conflict. The German boycott has seemed to us mistaken because of the manner in which it penalizes the very groups upon which the resurrection of a decent Reich depends; and we see no clear indication that Catholics in Mexico would not suffer at least as much as their fellows if their commerce here were halted. Naturally we attribute no especial value to our opinion. But it is honestly ours; and we still feel that the best possible way to help Catholics in Mexico is to help them—that is, to undertake a generous and well-planned charity campaign, placing our resources behind Catholic educational and welfare work in Mexico. Again, it has been suggested that a great pilgrimage be organized to visit the shrine of Guadalupe, to be followed by an equally great pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception or to some western missionary spot. At any rate, we have long believed that the answer to Calles is solidarity—the open and persistent cooperation between Catholics here and in Mexico, based upon a realization that the Church is genuinely a *corpus Christi mysticum* inside which everyone is necessarily his brother's keeper.

Voluntary Collective Effort

RECENTLY we have had reports of some instances of what are described as "voluntary E.P.I.C. plans." These are attempts by responsible and experienced business men to put into effect Mr. Sinclair's scheme for ending poverty in California, with several modifications aside from differences of geographical location. The analogies are in fact literary rather than real, in the sense that the voluntary plans are not outgrowths of Mr. Sinclair's ideas but grew out of local exigencies. From another point of view, they might just as well be described as private initiative attempts at rural-industrial homesteading. One case seems to be typical. A small industrial community which depended largely on local brick-works and a textile manufacturing plant, was faced with an imposing problem of adjustment when the brick plants closed down because of the slump in the building industry, and the textile company moved south, leaving its former plant and former employees idle. The business men of the community in town meeting and in their local chamber of commerce meetings were able to organize a holding company for the manufacturing plant; they got some of the local brick workers to cooperate and modernize the building; then they rented out units of the plant to seven small manufacturing and processing enterprises. Apparently the whole thing is yet far from being a dream of security and ease, but real goods have been made, men and women employed and paid wages, the local dry goods and stationery and grocery stores have been sustained and the homes which years, and even generations, of effort have created have not been made desolate. The whole thing of course might be dismissed scornfully as a smart, small business enterprise for profit motives; but it is a rash assumption that business enterprise and profit motives cannot be as productive of real benefits as some regimented, socialistic scheme, the good-will and common decency of the individuals involved being equal.

A Master's Release

THE REPORTED discovery of scores of concealed faces in Michelangelo's famous paintings in the Pauline and Sistine Chapels, faces not only of his friends but of his enemies, reminds us once more that genius is a potent preservative. It can give immortality even to hatred. The first examples that throng to mind are from the literary field. We think of Dante, who saw evil-doers and personal foes in the Place of Desolation, and endowed them, even there, out of a magnaminity whose secret is lost, with a kind of imperishable splendor. We think of Pope, who raised the weaklings and fools of his time, by the sheer force of his genius, to a significance which they did not, in themselves, possess, and yet which is the true quintessence of whatever in them drew his creative hatred. We think of the mighty and undying excoriations of Dryden, of Dickens impaling Leigh Hunt forever as Horace Skimpole. But literature always has some purpose, beyond mere impulse and feeling—is always subject to some intellectual design. There are other examples, in other fields, obscurer perhaps, but expressing spontaneous and disinterested dislike even more truly. More than one wood-carver, nameless but secure of fame, has cut upon cornice or cathedral stall the record of his detestation of a brother religious, in a portrait as devastating as Browning's soliloquizer framed in words in the "Spanish Cloister." More than one anonymous sculptor, working in his own little corner of greatness, has horned and hoofed an enemy, whether he were burgher or bishop, into the likeness of the devil, and left him so for posterity to gaze upon forever. It is in this latter group that Michelangelo belongs. If he worked his friends into the fabric of his compositions, that is in no way remarkable; but if his enemies' faces can really be seen lurking upside down in the background, or sneering secretly from knots of drapery, he did it, not for love, not from design, but solely to appease his dislike. This is purity of emotion, if you like. Even the victim of it, it seems to us, must admire it somewhat.

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THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

By JAMES J. WALSH

Having returned from Buenos Aires, where he delivered one of the principal addresses at the Eucharistic Congress, Dr. Walsh is in a position to look back and sum up his experiences. He finds that this was "notably a men's congress." Something akin to a masculine "return to the Church" took place, and many who had not received the sacraments for years fell into line. But the event as a whole was so colorful and interesting that Dr. Walsh's sketches of it are more than usually impressive.—The Editors.

WHEN one sees what a wonderful city the Argentinians have built under what must have been quite discouraging circumstances, it is not surprising to learn that they made the recent Thirty-second Eucharistic Congress a landmark in the history of such meetings. Buenos Aires, situated in a flat country like our prairies and an open roadstead that made loading and unloading of freight and passengers often a very difficult problem, has been transformed by its enterprising, progressive inhabitants into one of the great cities of the world, preceded only by New York and Chicago in the Western Hemisphere, and sixth among the great municipalities of the modern time.

On the visitor entering her gates for the first time either by sea or land, Buenos Aires—in this quite different from most of the great cities of the world—produces a very favorable impression. By rail the traveler enters through the magnificent railroad station, El Retiro—spacious, lofty, extensive in trackage as well as in accommodations for passengers. Its restaurant is one of the favorite places for midday luncheons of societies and associations of various kinds. The plaza in front of it provides ample space for the business associated with the railroad and furnishes abundant room for the coming and going of the trolley cars so numerous in the city and so cheap—the fare is less than $.02 American money—for the poorer classes. The taxis are frequent and extremely moderate in charges.

Travelers by sea come into the artificial harbor that has been created by reclaiming from the 120-mile-broad River Plata an ample space for docks. In connection with these there are park spaces and gardens that in this spring season were very cordial in the welcome they extended to the newcomer. Flowers and trees, playgrounds for the children, sport fields of various kinds, Coney Island popular attractions, are all here. Years ago Buenos Aires set an example to Chicago for the creation of the land for the Exposition out of the lake.

When it is recalled how little attractive as a rule is the entrance to large cities, the contrast presented in this by Buenos Aires is very striking indeed. The citizens planned well and accomplished their plans effectively. No wonder the traveler feels that a hearty welcome is being extended to him.

Manifestly anything these Argentinians set out to do they can accomplish. Two years ago a group of ecclesiastics from Buenos Aires came home from Dublin where the Thirty-first Congress had been held with the announcement that the next congress was to be held in South America in its metropolis. We North Americans are prone to think of Spanish or Latin America as the land of *mañana*, where men never do today what can possibly be put off till tomorrow. But not a bit of time was wasted in preparation for the congress to be. An enterprising committee got to work at once and stayed on the job. The result was that the congress of October 10-14, 1934, goes down in history as probably the greatest of them all in certain ways at least, if not in every way. The Catholic world may well take off its hat to the metropolis of South America for its accomplishment.

The season of the year was ideal—warm during the day, cool at night—October being the beginning of spring, very much like the end of April and first part of May with us. The flowers were out in profusion and variety. What we call Easter lilies, glorious large white blooms, were for sale on the streets in big bunches for a few cents. The trees were in what we would call almost their fresh June bloom. Buenos Aires put on her spring raiment for her visitors, and the flower shops and the fruit stores were a constant pleasure. The streets, clean as a new pin and kept so, were exemplary. The downtown streets are as narrow as those of downtown New York or Boston, but Buenos Aires knows the value of sanitation and maintains it even under the crowded conditions.

The week chosen for the congress was happy in other respects than the very favorable climatic conditions. It was the week in which Columbus Day, which is a legal holiday in Argentina, occurs. The initial day of the congress was declared a holiday by government proclamation. This was Wednesday. Thursday was given over to the children. Then came Friday, Columbus Day. Saturday, usually a half holiday at this season of the year, was voted a full legal holiday at the

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request of the banks and business interests. Sunday, representing the conclusion of the congress, followed as the ultimate holiday of the proceedings. It seemed as though Buenos Aires had spent a whole week occupying itself almost exclusively with the Eucharistic Lord. They were holidays for the workers and holydays for all. The events followed each other so promptly to schedule that the days of prayer and recollection had passed almost before it was realized that the congress was in progress.

The most striking feature of this Thirty-second Eucharistic Congress was that it was notably a men's congress. The devout female sex were in a majority, of course, but that feminine plurality was not so striking as might possibly have been expected. Children's day on Thursday presented the touching ceremonies associated with the reception of Communion by nearly 110,000 white-robed girls and new-suited boys, but men's day on Friday far surpassed it in interest.

The man or group of men responsible for having midnight Masses in one of the great city squares, the Plaza de Mayo, had a brilliant idea. The men in groups of various kinds, in societies, parish associations, Holy Name organizations, as well as numerous individuals, crowded to the event. Large numbers of priests from all over the world had been hearings confessions in all the languages, all evening before, in the many churches of the city. These same men were in readiness to distribute Communion anywhere and everywhere in the plaza. Altogether some quarter of a million of Hosts were received by devoted communicants. The scene was extremely impressive and many men who came merely to look on, not expecting to take any active part, found themselves so deeply touched that they turned to any priest whom they met asking that they might go to confession and receive absolution, in order to join their fellow citizens in the supreme act of the congress. American priests thus approached were sorry not to know Spanish so that they might be able to respond to the request, but there were Spanish priests not far away to give the asked-for service.

Besides the men who received the Eucharist in the square, there were at least 100,000 who communicated in their parish churches at the morning Masses. There were the shining faces of many women to be seen that day rejoicing over the fact that their men folk had at last after many years' absence approached the sacraments. Many families felt themselves united in Catholic harmony as had not been true for years. The prominent men of the state and city set a good example in this regard. Among the communicants on that glorious Friday there were the President of the Republic, General Justo, and his wife. All of Buenos Aires seemed to breathe a deep sigh of contentment over this almost universal reception of the sacraments. The army and navy both contributed large numbers to those in attendance at the congress proceedings and especially the sacraments. Latin-American men are presumed to be negligent in their reception of the sacraments but there was certainly no justification for any such presumption in what was witnessed by all during the course of the congress. Thus was fulfilled the supreme purpose of the Eucharistic Congress—to bring all classes to the sacraments, those outward signs of inward grace that are of the very essence of religion.

For the accommodation of the crowds at the general sessions of the congress as well as for the public Masses, the committees of organization were permitted to make use of the principal park of the city known as Palermo. This is much larger than Central Park, New York. In a prominent position in the center of it there is the Spanish monument erected by descendants of the original Spanish settlers to commemorate their rôle in the creation of the country. This monument was covered by a great cross visible from afar and at the foot of this cross the Masses were said and the general sessions were held. Seats were provided to the number of nearly 500,000. This is not an estimate exaggerated by enthusiasm, for there were actually seats for over 480,000. At the opening sessions these were all taken and there were many standees. The attendance, instead of diminishing, increased from day to day, and the crowds were handled with exemplary thoroughness and dispatch.

The culmination of the congress was the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on Sunday afternoon. Cardinal Pacelli on his knees before the large ostensorium with the Host, preceded by long lines of parish organizations and hundreds of bishops and priests, was conducted for a mile through a principal avenue to Palermo, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. The sidewalks along the route of the procession were crowded on each side ten deep. Besides there were large numbers gathered in windows on balconies, on the steps of automobiles, with children on the tops of the machines, on the roofs of houses, and on every available place that afforded a vantage point for vision. It was calculated that over 500,000 people found their way into the park for the Benediction and that well above 1,000,000—one newspaper ventured to say nearly 2,000,000—in some way took part in this great closing ceremony. The weather was ideal. At the end of the Benediction the people made their way home, happy over the success of the congress. And for a week thereafter they read in the news about features of it that had been crowded out of the papers during the busy week.

The congress was a triumph of properly used

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publicity. All the modes of the printing press were taken advantage of in order to bring the congress to the consciousness of the Catholic world. This might well seem to be eminently secular, yet the Secretary General of the Commission of the Press and Publicity of the Congress was quite willing to confess that the prayers of the Catholic world meant more than all the commission's efforts for the success of the congress. In the Buenos Aires weekly journal, *Caras y Caretas (Faces and Masks)* he said:

> Under God the splendor, the brilliant success and the happy issue of the congress were due more to the prayers of devout souls, the religious in their cloisters, the priests in their Masses, the children in their Communions, men of talent in their fervent meditations, social leaders and the humble working classes in their devotions, than to any efforts made for it, though the cooperators have been unceasing in their efforts, unfailing in their labors, for nearly two years.

The Eucharistic Congress has become in the course of time the most striking manifestation of religious faith and, above all, belief in prayer that the modern world has developed. The announcement at the end of this congress that the next session is to be held at Manila in the Philippines in 1936 was heartily welcomed. Attendants from the United States felt that it was coming once more to our own domain, while the many descendants of Spaniards in the Argentine and all over South America felt a kinship with their Spanish brethren in the East. Manila can scarcely hope to rival Buenos Aires as a setting for the congress, but the succession of the years brings this great awakener of religious feelings, this supreme enlivener of faith, to the various parts of the world. It has become one of the noteworthy events of Catholic life and history. While it is often said that religious faith is dimming, here is evidence of how much religion is an inevitable aspiration of the human heart, needing only the suitable occasion to manifest itself gloriously.

THE NEGRO LOOKS TO ROME

By JOHN T. GILLARD

A RECENT Monday morning edition of the New York *Times* carried an epitome of a sermon by the Reverend Gilbert Le Sourd, secretary of the Missionary Educational Movement of the United States and Canada, in which the abolition of economic injustice, racial prejudice and war were discussed as being of vital importance to all Christians. Of more than casual interest are the remarks which the reverend minister made concerning racial prejudice:

> As Christians, we say over and over again that Christ died for all men and that all men are brothers. But in our social life professions are not followed by practise. Even in the Church racial prejudice exists; but it cannot go on. There are many who point to the Russian Communists, who tolerate absolutely no racial prejudice; even the Mohammedans, in their mosques, do not distinguish between the races. It is significant that many Negroes are turning to the Catholic Church, asserting that there they find no prejudice. Shall we not meet this question?

It is a significant fact that of late years Negroes in greater numbers than ever before are coming into the Catholic Church. Last year in the South, for instance, the Josephite Fathers—the only organization of priests exclusively devoted to the care of the American Negroes—reported 1,300 converts, the largest number so far recorded by that organization for a single year. In the North, where more favorable conditions exist, individual missioners are reporting their converts by the hundreds: witness as a single example the remarkable success which is attending the efforts of the recently established New York Apostolate for work among the Negroes of that city. Nationally the average number of Negro converts per priest is ten times that of whites. Manifestly there is no gainsaying the fact that there is a noticeable trend of Negroes toward the Catholic Church.

Noticeable as this tendency is, however, it is still very far from being anything like a mass movement. There is always this disillusioning fact to be borne in mind: that of the 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States less than 250,000 are Catholics, and because of peculiar conditions over which we can exercise but little control even these 250,000 cannot be counted upon with too much assurance.

An error has colluded with a fact to give rise to the impression of a mass movement of Negroes toward the Catholic Church. The colluding fact is the great deal of publicity given to the large classes of Negro converts being received into some of the Northern churches. Just as large classes have been received into Southern missions for years past, but with little comment. The error which conspired with this fact emanated from the office of the United States Department of the Census. The last religious census taken by the government for the first time secured an accurate figure for the number of colored Catholics worshiping in churches for their exclusive use. I supplied the proper authorities with the information upon which they based their work, and at the same

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time pointed out that all such previous figures were inadequate and misleading. But no attention was paid to the caution and the 1925 accurate census was compared with the previous inaccurate statistics, with the result that the latest available official United States Government Census of Religious Bodies shows a gain of 140 percent in Negro Catholics during the decade 1915-1925. This is not true.

In his book, "Negro, National Asset or Liability," John Louis Hill has this to say:

> It is significant that within the last decade the proportionate number of Negroes becoming Episcopalians and Catholics, particularly the latter, has rapidly increased. This fact, together with a careful study of Negro psychology and the peculiarities of the Episcopalian and Catholic Churches, lead the writer to make a prediction which of course may, or may not, come true. Holding no brief for any Church, and in this connection disclaiming any bias for or against any religious body, the writer believes that within another half-century a much larger proportion of American religionists classed as Negroes will become members of the two last-mentioned bodies, with more of them Catholic than Episcopalian.

Though his major premise is based upon an inaccurate comparison of statistics, many of the author's observations concerning the Catholic Church are excellent and show a keen insight into its actual and possible relationships with the Negro. Every day educated leaders of the Negro race are making statements to the effect that the Catholic Church of all Christian Churches seems to be the only Church which can solve their difficulties. The Houston *Informer,* a Negro newspaper with considerable circulation in the far South, aptly summarized the situation in this editorial:

> Negroes all over America are giving more attention to the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the oppression and problems of the Negro race. Leaders of the Church have gone before the microphone over nation-wide hook-ups and told the country that the treatment of Negroes in the United States is not Christian and is un-American. More money is being allotted in Catholic circles for the higher education of Negroes.
>
> Recently Catholic students in New York passed resolutions insisting that Negroes are human beings and citizens like everybody else, that Negroes should be treated with courtesy and kindness, and that these students of the white race and the Catholic faith would use their influence in many other directions to help bring a square deal to American Negroes.
>
> When we see Protestant judges in the state of Texas turning thumbs down on decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and Protestant ministers and laymen rejoicing or being silent while Negroes are lynched and otherwise outraged, it is not surprising that Negroes should be looking with more interest to the Catholic attitude.

Mr. William Pickens, a Negro leader of prominence and influence, in a syndicated article appearing in many Negro newspapers, comments thus upon the set of resolutions adopted by the group of college students referred to in the above-quoted editorial:

> Resolutions to the point by youth of any connection would be significant, but it is of great significance that the youth of the greatest Church in the world should resolve to take a position and to act. The Catholic Church is the world's greatest Church. . . . It is today the world's greatest non-political power; and in important respects it is of greater influence than any political power; it is international, interracial, and cuts through all possible classes of men. If the future leaders of such a human organization get interested in any reasonable program, that program is likely to be put through. . . . Resolutions like those by youth of a Church like that are a matter of great significance in this world. If the Catholic Church can make good on the "Negro question," it will indeed deserve its name and be the Church universal.

The Negro, as exemplified by Mr. Pickens, has arrived at the stage of admiration for the Catholic Church; but there is still that "if" clause—"if the Catholic Church can make good on the 'Negro question.'" The eyes of Afro-America are anxiously looking to Rome. While it is too much to say, as did the Reverend Gilbert Le Sourd, that in the Catholic Church "they find no prejudice," it is correct to say with Dr. Hill, a Protestant minister:

> His [the Negro's] increasing dissatisfaction with the discriminations which are made against him even in Protestant religious circles, may accelerate his movement toward the Roman Catholic Church when he fully realizes that this Church does not now make, and never has made, any race discrimination. . . . Still another reason that may contribute to the future exodus of Negroes from Protestantism into Roman Catholicism, may be the fact that the Catholic Church remains loyal to the fundamental scheme of human redemption through Jesus Christ.

To the many religiously minded non-Catholic Negroes who are not finding soul-satisfaction in non-Catholic organizations it is important to stress the two points mentioned by Dr. Hill, namely: that in company with their white co-religionists of Protestant persuasion, they will find that the Catholic Church is the only Church which today remains loyal to the teachings of Christ; and that such loyalty entails that it "does not now make, and never has made [and, I might add, never will make], any race discrimination." This does not mean however that many individual Catholics have not been and are not now just as

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un-Christian as many non-Catholics—in the net are good fish and bad. And it is unfortunate that many Catholics show racial prejudice. The important fact is that the Catholic Church makes no distinction, for after all it is the Church the Negro is joining, not individual Catholics.

It is equally important that speakers and writers who find occasion to condemn abuses as regards Negroes should likewise observe this distinction between the attitude of the Catholic Church and the attitudes of some Catholics. No words are too strong for members of the organization of the Catholic Church who indulge in non-Catholic practises: no stone may be hurled against the Catholic Church, the Bride of Christ.

Typical of the attitude of Catholics and wholesome diet for neophyte souls is the case of His Excellency, Most Reverend John Shaw, D.D., Archbishop of New Orleans, who invited the Knights of St. Peter Claver, a Catholic national Negro organization, to open its recent convention with solemn services in the historic St. Louis Cathedral, the oldest, and one of the finest and richest Catholic cathedrals in this country. All the officers of the Solemn High Mass were Negro priests. The reciprocal spirit of the Catholic Negroes was also typical; it took five priests one hour to distribute Holy Communion to the crowds of Knights and their friends who assisted at the services. Such tokens of genuine Catholicity in the very heart of the South are not passing unnoticed by Negroes. A columnist in a Texas Negro newspaper commented upon this event in these words:

> This is a fine spirit even to be exhibited by Catholics who are usually regarded as liberals. . . . The way to the priesthood is beset with hard work, study, temptations, and the disapproval and doubts of friends and often families. The life of the priest after his ordination is not easy. It is beset with hard work, hopeless discouragement, poverty, temptation, ingratitude and petty ideas and acts of the very people that he is giving his life to serve. Very few colored men have had the necessary intelligence and endurance to reach the priesthood, and it is indeed to the credit of the good Archbishop that this token of appreciation has been extended the four young colored men who have reached the priesthood this summer.

The Catholic Church has nothing in its racial record of which to be ashamed. A mere recital of the manifold and munificent works which it is undertaking and supporting in behalf of Negroes is edifying. The fact that we Catholics have heretofore been put on the defensive is due largely to the fact that we have taken too literally the Gospel injunction to let not the right hand know what the left hand did. We overlooked the fact that elsewhere Christ commanded us not to hide our light under a bushel. As a consequence we have done little or no advertising of our multitudinous works. The Protestants have stolen the light from our fires. This publicity work has a tremendous apologetic value. How can we expect to gain a respectful hearing from the Negro unless we show him our credentials? Of necessity the Negro is very pragmatic about such things: he finds it much easier to save his soul on a full stomach. Who knows how many souls may be saved per printer's pica or how many converts may be had from a bottle of ink?

I think nearly every Negro newspaper in the country commented favorably upon those oft-referred-to resolutions which emanated from the student body of the Sacred Heart College, Mahattanville, N. Y., and which were subsequently embodied in a student-to-student appeal by the Brooklyn Catholic Action Council and a committee of Catholic college graduates and undergraduates. That sort of Catholic Action certainly stimulated Negroes to thinking.

Apart from the heritage of spiritual indifference which the Negro carries by reason of the fact that less than half the race even profess membership in any Church, there is noticeable among the more blatant race writers a tendency to discard all forms of religion as a dead-weight against race progress. Sharing the spiritual shortsightedness of his age, the Negro is in danger of promoting the life of his body at the expense of the life of his soul.

Like the Macedonian of old the American Negro looks to Rome and cries, "Pass over and help us." Rome stretches out its hands to save him. Shall we restrain those hands with the bands of our prejudice? Brown America holds its breath—and its soul—in anxious expectation of the answer.

Keen in Cold Weather

Again, again the cold!
Bitter the year's ending.
The twig must loose its hold
On the tarnished's leaf's thin gold
Which it would hoard from spending.

Sweet color drains from skies,
Earth's sweet odors perish;
The wingéd singer flies;
The bright vine shriveled lies
Which straining rock would cherish.

Against bleak earth and air
Must shivering flesh be fending.
The world lies chill and bare,
Fierce cold prowls everywhere,
Bitter the year's ending.

MUNA LEE.

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THE SAAR VALLEY

By PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

THE NOVEMBER session of the League of Nations has been devoting much thought to the Saar problem, which should have been taken up in September, in view of the impending plebiscite. Geneva cannot avoid taking a clear and definite stand. The problem itself is simple: How does the League of Nations intend to take care of the interests of the population in the Saar region, after this region has been under the administration of a League Government for the past fifteen years, in case the population would decide on January 13 that it wants (a) to be incorporated in France, (b) to be incorporated in Germany, (c) to preserve its present status.

The first of these three possibilities is practically excluded. Even in France, no reference has been made during the past fifteen years to the 150,000 Frenchmen alleged to have resided in the Saar region at the time the Versailles Peace Treaty was signed. Consequently it may be assumed that the voices of those fortunately not too numerous, near-sighted chauvinists who would like to win for France parts of the Saar region would not be heeded even in their own country.

Therefore, the League need consider only the case of immediate return of that region to Germany and that of the preservation of the status quo. I do not speak here of the economic situation because, in case of the return of the region in January to Germany, it would be the business of the French government to defend what they consider as French interests. I refer in this connection to the question of the French francs in circulation in the Saar region, as well as to the way in which the mines have to be returned to Germany.

The League of Nations is not immediately concerned here, however important all this may be. But quite different is the situation with regard to the social and political rights of the inhabitants of the Saar region. These rights must in November be defined in such a way that the Third Reich would not be in a position to annihilate them without taking the risk of bringing about a complicated international situation.

I am fully aware of the almost unremovable obstacles in the way of such a step. The Third Reich has never met its obligations, and the establishment of even the best international court of justice would not be able to protect the Saar people from the bloody sanctions of the S. A. and S. S. after the voting. The means usually employed are very well known. When terror and murder are taking place, Herr Goebbels reports a "spontaneous uprising of the people"; the casualties resulting from it meet with sharpest disapproval, especially if the contemplated result is not successfully achieved. We still retain in our memories a very vivid picture of such a procedure since July 25 of this year, when the Austrian Chancellor was murdered. Consequently there is nothing else to do but to awaken today the world's conscience and to point out the responsibility which all Europe would take upon itself by tolerating the mass persecutions which are to be feared in the Saar region.

A nation which is asked to decide upon difficult questions must know for what it really votes. Everybody understands what is meant by allegiance to France or to Germany but it is hard to form a clear idea of "status quo." Accordingly it is the duty of the League of Nations clearly to define this conception. It should not be too difficult, since there is nothing to do except interpret the actual will of the population which the League is expressly obliged to do according to the Saar Statute of the Versailles Peace Treaty. But the will of the population follows with complete clarity from the present situation.

As is well known, no Saar problem existed before the National-Socialist rule in Germany. A vote would have shown a 99-percent majority for immediate return to Germany. All parties, not excluding Communists, agreed on this point. There would consequently be no desertion of Germany or repudiation of faith in it, should the Saar population vote on January 13, 1935, for the preservation of the status quo. From this could only be concluded that the Saar people expressly intended to vote for the status quo, for the sake of the German spirit, and in order to tie up their future fate with that of Germany's. The demand of a possibility of a *future* return to Germany which is being expressed by the "Status Quo Front," that is, by the real "German Front," is accordingly logically based and fully justified. Inquiries throughout the country, in all towns and villages and among all classes of the population, convinced me that this is the generally accepted view in the Saar region. Opposition to National-Socialism is growing in the people of the Saar from week to week; assemblages against National-Socialism drew such large audiences that the doors of the meeting places had to be closed by the police long before the beginning of the sessions. The people of the Saar perceive the present vote as a national problem of the first magnitude. Only in case a later return to a freed Germany

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should be denied to the people, could a majority be obtained for immediate return—not due to a National-Socialism conviction, but in order to prevent paying with permanent separation from the common Mother Country for being spared from the temporary Brown Terror. Such a vote would not express the true will of the Saar country.

A second plebiscite or a separate clause is conceivable which should be incorporated in the future Saar constitution. Hereby is approached the second essential problem which will have to be taken up this time by the League of Nations. From the will of the people which, as I have pointed out, should be considered by the League of Nations according to the Saar Statute, it necessarily follows that the population should be given an opportunity to participate actively in German life. Similarity to the case of Austria is here evident. Austria also would not be in a position to serve the German cause if it were administered by a foreign commission. An exact definition of the conception "status quo" permitting the population an examination of its future without interference requires, consequently, not only an opportunity for later amalgamation but also an assurance of a German self-government. This is a requirement which indeed follows from the general provision for the right of nations to self-government. It would accordingly be necessary to draft a constitution for the Saar in general terms which would provide for the Saar people complete political autonomy without depriving them of the protection of the League of Nations against some military or other attacks by the National-Socialists. Due care should also be taken to provide through the constitution that democracy be not abused by the anti-democratic elements. The story of Weimar should not be repeated in the Saar region.

The same people who told me about their opposition to the National-Socialists and of their faith in the German nation in this connection, affirmed the necessity for such a constitution. Without such an assurance the true will of the people can find no expression. These are facts which are well known also to the National-Socialists. They fear nothing so much as an interpretation of the conception "status quo" by the League of Nations in accordance with the wishes of by far the largest part of the Saar population. The well-known memorandum on the Saar by Barthou, in which the same questions are set forth and answered positively, brought about for this reason a storm of protest on the part of the National-Socialist leaders as soon as it appeared. We could observe at that time the amusing fact that the local leader of the so-called German Front, Herr Pirro, referred to the sanctity of the Treaty of Versailles and, in the name of this treaty, protested against the assurance of a later reunion and of an autonomous Saar constitution. Besides the fact that this protest is legally inconsistent, the Catholic paper, *Die Neue Saarpost,* could justly point out, editorially, that such a step simply constitutes an obvious example of high treason.

It seems to me that this point is also of significance to the League of Nations in judging the situation. It should consider the interests of the Saar people and not those of the National-Socialist party. And, further, it is well known that there is a certain unwillingness in League of Nations circles to give the status quo a clearer definition. It is alleged that in England, France and allied countries the opinion is being expressed that a failure of National-Socialism in the Saar region and, in consequence of this, a formation of an autonomous Saar State, would be accompanied by a further entanglement of the European situation, as long as the National-Socialists rule Germany. The Berlin government did everything conceivably possible to support such a view. Continuous stress on the argument that only the Saar problem separates Germany from France must also be clearly recognized for its true worth, as an attempt at extortion in international relations. We only hope that there is no serious statesman in Europe who could be intimidated or even won in such a way, for if the Saar no longer exists a new "last obstacle" in the way of the peace policy of the Third Reich will soon emerge, and after that still another, *ad infinitum.* It should, therefore, be said that the existence of a German Saar State would be less threatening to the League of Nations because it would show the present rulers of Germany the solidarity of all powers in upholding treaties and international obligations. National-Socialism yields easiest if it is confronted with decisiveness. For this reason I suggest the establishment of a state called Pfalz-Saarbruecken—the best name—which would serve as a definite support of the chief aim of the League of Nations, namely, the upholding of peace in Europe.

In this state could be created a cultural and spiritual German center, an alliance of all German forces which stand for peace, liberty and mutual understanding. A German territory would be created where free opinion is permitted and whose judgment would strongly hinder the war tendencies of the National-Socialists.

A still greater task consists in the following: Should National-Socialism collapse in Germany, then on that day, which has been possibly postponed but not eliminated, the small country at the Saar will form the only strong point in the general chaos and will perhaps make possible the salvation of Germany and of Europe from destruction. It is therefore worth while that the League of Nations fulfil its duty to the full extent, show the Saar people what to expect and make possible a vote which corresponds to its true will.

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THINGS HAPPEN

By IAN ROSS MacFARLANE

MY BROTHER William and I have just completed a 12,000-mile trek through Europe and the Near East on ordinary bicycles. Our wanderings brought us to the edge of the Great Mesopotamian Desert, which lies between Syria and the new nation of Iraq. No roads existed nor were there sign posts to guide our way toward the Mystic City of Baghdad, our next immediate goal. It lay some 613 miles to the east. What to do? Were we going to be stumped by a little thing like desert—after having climbed snow-capped peaks and plodded through miles of heart-breaking mud? We had not failed to carry the Stars and Stripes worthily through all these conditions and so we determined to be the first bicyclists to cross the barren stretch.

We left Homs, Syria, early one morning and headed due east into the sun. A brisk tail-wind helped us a great deal and we fairly blew along, but the scorching heat of midday soon slowed us up and we rapidly diminished our water supply. Fortunately we found, about one hundred miles out, a temporary camp of the Iraq Petroleum Company. Here we rested for the night.

Our water supply replenished, we left this haven the following morning and started for our next objective, a French Foreign Legion outpost, located near the site of the ancient city of Palmyra. We reached this interesting spot without particular incident. Of course the blistering heat of the sun reburned our already almost black bodies, in spite of hourly applications of olive oil on our bare backs.

The hours passed among these men who have voluntarily exiled themselves from all connections with modern society were most interesting. Some came from Germany, England, Ireland and Holland. Even far-off Argentina was represented. They were not the tough, crude men that writers of fiction so dearly love to depict. On the contrary, they were as full of good clean mischievous fun as any group of high schol cadets here in America. They were men though, every inch of them. Each face bore marks of previous conflicts and sufferings. They were a wonderful crowd and we were genuinely sorry to leave them and to face once more that sun-baked and hard-packed sand.

The hop took us to another of the I. P. C. camps which are dotted across the desert at long intervals as aids in the laying of the gigantic oil pipe line from Mosul to the Mediterranean. We spent a full day at this artificial oasis, recuperating from the effects of the scorching sun.

Then began the hop which, but for the intervention of God and through the intercession of our Blessed Mother, would certainly have proved fatal.

Instead of heading due east, with the sun either directly in front or directly behind, depending on the time of day, we were advised to head to the northeast for some little distance, thus avoiding some rough ancient lava beds. We headed north until about noon, when, to our horror, we found our second water bag had leaked empty. The high wind which came in gusts across our path like the blasts from a gigantic oven quickly dried our mouths and also caused the loose sand to raise, so that we were soon in a sand-storm. We used the last of the water to wet our handkerchiefs to cover our faces and lay flat on our stomachs.

What a predicament! Lost, absolutely, without any notion of our position—and waterless! The storm soon subsided and we remounted our bikes. Half-crazed already by lack of water, we slowly toiled on. The sun was still high, so we dared not lie down for fear of sun-stroke. We finally became so weak, however, that we literally fell off our bicycles and lay outstretched on the ground, with a mute prayer for God's mercy before we dropped off in a sleep that was broken only by the rising sun the following morning. We had slept among thousands of scorpions and tarantulas—and escaped unscathed.

Our lips puffed and our tongues parched, and half-dazed with fear, we climbed on our bikes and prayed for guidance as we slowly zig-zagged along toward the southeast for an hour or so, hoping to correct our northeasterly course of the following day. Without any warning, about six o'clock, we came upon some pits and looked down. Water! It must be! It glistened! We quickly grabbed a rock and dropped it into a pit. It seemed hours before the sound of the splash came to us. Too deep!

At the next one—the same result. Finally to the third, which also seemed too deep but not so profound as the other two. However, it appeared impossible to climb down. The pit-mouth's sides were blocked up with good masonry for about four feet and then only dirt. I wrote on our little pad to my brother, as speech was impossible, that we must carry on. He shook his head and wrote back that he was going to lie down and die. Cold chills ran down my spine at the thought of my dear "kid" brother dying out in this awful place. I shook him and pointed to the bike. He wearily responded to my urge.

We rode for a few hundred yards, when I

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stopped and indicated I was going to return. I could not leave that water. We again approached the pit edge and looked down at that sparkling water beneath. I could not stand it any longer. I started to climb down. Bill tried to stop me. I halted for one moment with my feet on one side on a small ledge, my arms on the other side and my body nearly all above the surface edge. I then made the Sign of the Cross and jumped. Down, down, I flew. What my thoughts were, I don't know. I struck the water a resounding smack and felt myself sink deeper and deeper. I made frantic efforts to arrest my descent and bring myself back to the water's surface. I finally succeeded.

Then I drank and drank until I thought I would burst. At this moment the water tasted like the clear, beautiful, chilled liquid that comes tumbling down from many a Catskill or Adirondack mountain. It revived me completely and I yelled to my brother to tear up his shirt and take all the bandage from the first-aid kit and lower the water-bag. He did this, while I treaded water, there being nothing on the pit sides on which to grip. The bag went up and down many times bearing precious swigs of life-restoring water to my brave companion.

It soon became apparent that I could not keep up swimming and treading water in my round pool—about eight feet in diameter. My strength was ebbing fast. I realized there was nothing to be done. I must die. What an end to my years of political study! What a grave! What would happen to that lone kid high above me? Well, it just looked as though it had to be. I shouted goodbyes and sent last wishes to my family, said a final prayer and let myself sink. Undoubtedly being able to swim, plus the inherent law of self-preservation, forced me back to the surface. In a last desperate clawing at the slimy sides of the pit my nails scratched something! What was it? Please God, it were not a shale that would clip off like leaf pastry. No, it was stone! I managed to get a hold with two fingers.

I was then able to fill both water bags. This accomplished and it being about high noon, Bill informed me he was going for aid. In a few more minutes I was all alone with only my thoughts, some stagnant sulphuric water and some evil-smelling blind minnows.

Meanwhile Bill rode on for hours, first in one direction, then another, and had to mend two punctures. We had experienced only five previous punctures on the 5,000 miles from London. Finally, just as dusk was coming on, he spotted on the far-off horizon something which appeared to be camels. He came closer and found his observation had been correct. It was a camel caravan, and as this form of transportation has become a rarity since the advent of the automobile, Bill felt he was indeed helped by Providence. He saluted the leader in true Arabic fashion, and then fell in a faint. These nomads of the desert quickly revived him. Although neither side spoke the other's language, the Bedouins realized from his dress that he was of European origin. The caravan was halted, and several of its members escorted my courageous brother to the long-looked-for camp of the I. P. C. which was some two miles away.

On arrival there he told our story to those hardy men pioneering in these God-forsaken wastes. Promptly every available car and lorry was pressed into service to search for me. Many told me later that they thought they would never find me alive. The field radio crackled out messages to Beirut, Baghdad and Jerusalem. The messages asked for aid in the search from the "all-seeing eye"—the airplane. They zoomed around and around in a radius of twenty miles. My brother had said he had come about that distance from my peculiar prison. Every group of charted wells and water pits were minutely inspected, all without success.

Finally Pete Mayberry, a doughty little engineer from Texas, grabbed hold of an Arab and asked him, in broken Arabic, if he knew of any other wells than those shown on the maps. When this native nodded in acquiescence, Pete literally threw him into a flivver and started off.

All these many hours I was tenaciously holding on in my water dungeon, first with one hand, then with the other. I would shift and move, to avoid losing all my strength. I was normally suspended in water up to my chest; sometimes I would relinquish my grip for a moment or two, while I swam. I had to do this in order to prevent sleep, fatigue and cold overcoming me.

When nightfall came I prayed earnestly and it brought me great consolation. Once during the afternoon I had heard the roar of an airplane motor, but my hopes that they would see me were soon dashed. However, I hopefully awaited the rescue that I felt sure would be arranged by her who had never failed me. I continued to pray to the Blessed Mother. Again during the weary hours of the night, I heard a noise which grew louder and louder. It was an automobile. They were looking for me. But the purr of the engine began to fade and soon all was quiet. Truly, I was stunned. That they were looking for me was obvious, but that they had passed and not seen my bicycle was indeed disheartening. Would they return?

Dawn came. I could tell this as the beams of light reflected down the long shaft. A chill started to creep over me. My breath commenced to tighten. I felt as though I might choke. I cried out, finally, to Our Blessed Mother, as my strength ebbed fast. She answered in her own

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marvelous manner. Sounds of an approaching vehicle echoed down the well.

I called up, "Is that you, Bill?"

A slow-drawling voice answered, "Boy—oh boy—you still alive! What a man!"

Things happened quickly. A rope with a noose to put under my arms was quickly lowered. I slipped it under my free arm and then loosed my hold to put the other arm into the sling. The effort almost proved too much, but God was with me. Slowly they hauled away and I rose foot by foot, until strong hands grabbed me and pulled me over the edge. I was saved from the ironical fate of a watery grave in a barren desert.

The line was measured and found to be eighty-seven feet. I had plunged that distance and not been smashed against the sides. There had been sufficient water in the pit to accept my fall. It almost seemed unbelievable even to me who survived it. But prayer and faith are always rewarded.

And so to those sceptics who doubt the wisdom of prayer, I recommend our experience. An experience so dreadful and so weird that Arabic newspapers in bordering countries described it as a modern tale of the "Arabian Nights."

HILDESHEIM

By FRANCIS J. TSCHAN

ROMANESQUE churches and timbered houses delight the traveler who comes to Hildesheim in search of the old and beautiful in Europe today. The churches, most of them antedating by many years the oldest of the houses, have suffered from the reform and deform of many rebuildings. A flourishing industry and trade have also made inroads upon the ancient beauty of the city and its environs. But withal there lingers at Hildesheim enough of the medieval charm to merit its fame as the "Nuremberg of the North."

Not for this loveliness only is Hildesheim a mecca for travelers. Those of artistic bent delight in the art treasures preserved in the cathedral and other churches of the city. Of these treasures not a few are the work of Bernward who presided over the city and see from 993 to 1022. With him Hildesheim became an art center not merely of regional but of European importance.

Not many of Bernward's works remain. Some were consumed in the fire which destroyed his cathedral in January, 1013. Some met with mutilation and destruction in the period of the Reformation and religious wars. Some were scattered and, bearing no marks to connect them definitely with Bernward's workshops, can now be considered only "ascribed works." Time and artistic expression have ravaged much of what remains. The significance of Bernward's works in the evolution of medieval art, however, could not be injured.

In an inner portal of the cathedral swing the bronze doors, fifteen and a half feet high, each wing nearly three and three-quarter feet wide. Bernward cast them probably between 1015 and 1022 for the church he was building to serve the monastery he founded. Each of the wings bears eight reliefs, not so many panels fastened to a base, but all together of one mass casting—a technical achievement rare even in our day of bold venturing and, so far as can be ascertained, original with Bernward. In ancient and early Christian times door reliefs appear to have been either carvings in wood or attached castings in metal. The earliest medieval bronze doors, done by Charles the Great for his *Pfalzkapelle* at Aachen and by Archbishop Willigis, the contemporary of Bernward, for his cathedral at Mainz, were solid castings but did not bear reliefs. From the pictured Mainz doors and from the reliefs in cedar wood on the portals of the Church of St. Sabina, which he must have seen when he was in Rome in January, 1001, Bernward very probably derived the idea of combining the features.

The column of Trajan in Rome, too, probably furnished the inspiration for his *Christussaüle*. Bernward cast this column hollow in bronze for St. Michael's Church, but for what purpose can no longer be stated with certainty. According to old records it was originally surmounted by a capital and cross. These were thrown down and melted by the burghers of Hildesheim. Their iconoclastic fanaticism, reinforced by Renaissance prejudice against medieval art, endured for many years. In 1737 and again in 1760 the vestry of St. Michael's—since 1543 evangelical—were on the point of selling the column to junk dealers, but fortunately were stayed from carrying out their intentions. By 1810 passion and prejudice had waned and the column, provided again with a capital and cross, was set up in the cathedral plaza, there to suffer from wind and weather for eighty-three years before it was given its present shelter in the south transept of the cathedral. Like the doors, the column is monumental in proportions, standing, without its modern capital and cross, fourteen feet high and nearly two in diameter.

The reliefs on the doors and column taken together constitute a pictorial life of Christ. The functional character of the two works, however, determined the selection and grouping of the pictures. The doors, hung between the atrium and nave of St. Michael's, were obviously intended to move men to contrition for their sins. The atrium was from early Christian times also known as the *Paradisum* or *Paradise,* and there worshiped the men and women under penance for their sins. On the left wing of the doors were depicted for these penitents eight scenes from Genesis in two groups of four reliefs each, the first dealing with the creation of Adam and Eve and their Fall and expulsion from Eden; the second picturing their life outside the garden and the crime of Cain and God's judgment. Turning from this record of sin and its consequences, the penitents could visualize the story of their redemption in the reliefs on the right wing which portray scenes in the life of Christ. These reliefs also fall into two groups: the first in four pictures depicting His infancy from the Annunciation to the Presentation in the Temple; the second portraying in-

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cidents in His Passion, beginning with the condemnation by Pilate and ending with the Marys at the feet of the risen Saviour. The column, whatever its practical purpose —whether to bear a cross or a statue or to serve as a paschal candle—seems like its Roman archetype to have been essentially a triumphal monument. The reliefs it bears in a band winding eight times about its shaft, present scenes in the life of Christ intermediate to the two groups on the right wing of the doors, i.e., from the baptism in the Jordan to the entry into Jerusalem celebrated on Palm Sunday. Logically the twenty-four reliefs on the column, comprising twenty-eight episodes, fall into three groups of eight, in turn exhibiting Christ as prophet, king and high priest.

High in the nave of the cathedral, half-way betweeen the relief-bearing doors and the choir, hangs a *corona magna,* a circular candelabrum nearly twenty feet in diameter, which Bernward began to construct for St. Michael's Church but did not live to finish. Hezilo, his fourth successor (1054-1079), assembled what he had wrought and completed the work in the Bernwardian tradition. This light-bearing crown was conceived by Bernward in the spirit of the twenty-first chapter of Saint John's Apocalypse in which the evangelist sees the "holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, enlightened by the glory of the Lamb." On its circumference of iron, overlaid with gold and silver-plated copper sheeting, were holders for seventy-two lights. Precious and semi-precious stones studded the ring which was as the wall of "the city of God." Twelve gates, in each of which stood an angel cast in silver, bore "the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel." Twelve towers, each rising three feet high, were graven with "the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb." The prophets of the Old Law and the virtues of the New were in like manner commemorated. Two inscriptions encircle the circumferal band, one celebrating "the new Jerusalem," the other dedicating the candelabrum to Mary the Virgin. Unfortunately this candelabrum, the most notable of the three that have come down from the Romanesque age, was despoiled of its glories by the hands of the iconoclastic reformers several times between 1518 and 1523 and again in 1595. A restoration which was made in 1601 was battered by the Swedes while they occupied Hildesheim in the course of the Thirty Years' War. Not until 1818 was another restoration attempted and the candelabrum put into its present condition.

For St. Michael's Church Bernward also produced from the precious metals crosses, crucifixes, chalices, patens, censors, candelabra, books and no doubt vestments, all richly ornamented with jewels and delicate enamels. One of these pieces, a paten, was purchased by the Cleveland Museum of Art on the dispersal of the Guelph collection of treasures into which it had passed. This work, hailed by American art critics at the time of its purchase, 1930, as "the finest Romanesque silver work known," has been many times pictured and described.

Two candlesticks, found in Bernward's coffin and now preserved in St. Gothard's Church, Hildesheim, rival this paten as an example of his craftsmanship. These candlesticks, for 172 years hidden from the world, stand about seventeen inches high, weigh about four and a half pounds each and are made chiefly of silver strongly tinctured with gold, some copper and a trace of iron. In the results of this blending of elements Bernward took pardonable pride.

More remarkable than their composition is the symbolism Bernward employed to give religious meaning to the practical purpose of the candlesticks. On the corners of their triangular bases sit nude kobolds, domestic spirits of German folk-lore, looking up timidly to the light as they ride dragons, symbolic of the evil powers that roam the underworld of darkness. The stems are formed as tree trunks, covered with a network of tendrils and leaves and grapes among which human figures appear, plucking grapes as they clamber upward toward the light from the backs of the lions that stand at the base of the shafts. Above the nodes which break the lengths of the stems is pictured another world, nearer heaven, a world of birds and angels, also moving upward amid the network of vegetation. Just below the candlecups three gracefully elongated, lizard-like creatures stretch from the shafts to the rims of the cups whence they gaze curiously at the light above.

Notable, too, are the True Cross reliquary preserved in St. Magdalen's Church and a silver crucifix in the safe-keeping of the cathedral. The reliquary, often called the Bernward cross, was prepared, according to Thangmar, Bernward's biographer, to contain the particle of the True Cross which the Emperor Otto III had presented to him. The cross is one of Bernward's earlier works since it may be assumed to antedate the completion of the chapel, dedicated September 10, 996, in which it was venerated. The reliquary is in the familiar form of the Latin cross, the vertical stem of which measures about nineteen inches and the transverse piece about fourteen and a half inches. It is of oakwood with the fore-part and sides overdrawn by gold plate. At the intersection of the beams is a square surmounted by a lunate crystal under which is exposed the relic. Squares with elliptical crystals also terminate the four ends of the beams and lesser squares fill in the spaces between them, two below the intersection and one between it and each of the cross-beam terminals. The crystals were set each in a gold band, itself incrusting from eighteen to twenty pearls, and surrounded by gems in balanced conformity to the space left in the containing square. Pearl-studded golden threads wove in and out among the precious stones in delicate curves and spirals of filigree work, defying brief description. Ten such bands and 230 gems besides the five great, lunate crystals entered into the forward surface of the cross. Unfortunately, as with other works of Bernward, time and irreverent hands made restorations necessary. In the course of these restorations, especially one attempted in 1787, the reliquary was, like the coronary light, robbed of much of its glory. Not a pearl-studded band of gold remains and many of the original stones are replaced with agates, glass imitations and the like.

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The silver crucifix in the cathedral treasure also was a reliquary because its inscription enumerates relics some of which, obtained no doubt in France, help to fix the date of its making as not earlier than 1007. The crucifix measures vertically, from its later, Gothic base, a little more than twelve inches and transversally a little more than eight inches. The rimming of the cross, the foot-rest, the loin-cloth and the beard and hair are gilded and the lettering of the inscription, *I H S Nazaren rex Iudeorum,* is in niello. Four nails fasten the *Corpus* to the cross and the head, without a crown of thorns, according to the custom of the age, leans much to the left, forward and downward, from the intersection of the beams. The delicately modeled body accentuates the movement suggested by the head, giving as a whole the impression that Bernward's purpose had been either to show Christ just as death came or to picture Him straining to catch the last comfortings His mother was offering as she stood at the foot of the gibbet.

The church for which Bernward fashioned so many works of art was built with its monastery outside the walls of Hildesheim. There on a hill, as tradition has it, stood in olden times a shrine of Wotan. Fitly, therefore, Bernward dedicated his minster church to Saint Michael, the leader of the heavenly host against the powers of darkness. Work began in the year 1001 and the crypt was dedicated in 1015. Bernward blessed the church on the feast of Saint Michael, shortly before he died, November, 1022, but his successor, Gothard, completed it within the next decade. The year after it was finished, 1033, lightning struck the edifice and it burned. Slowly it was rebuilt, somewhat in accord with Bernward's plans, only to be altered in other styles as age caused parts to crumble.

In the years of the Reformation the edifice was stripped of many of its decorations and much of its furniture, and given, in 1543, to the Protestants. More alterations were necessary after the Thirty Years' War. From 1826 to 1855, when St. Michael's monastery was a lunatic asylum, Bernward's church served as a recreation hall, and the feeble-minded bowled in its nave. Finally, largely through the efforts of a public-spirited citizen, Dr. Roemer, it was restored as a place of worship, the main portion of the church for the Protestants, the crypt below the choir, where Bernward had been entombed, for the Catholics.

Little, therefore, is left of the original St. Michael's Church—parts of the walls here and there and some columns that can be identified by their simple attic bases and cubiform capitals of red sandstone. But the original can be visualized in spirit, partly from old illustrations and models, partly from the building itself. Critics have pointed to churches which Bernward may have seen and copied in this detail or that—old St. Peter's in Rome, Reichenau, St. Gall, Winstorf, Helmstedt, Gandersheim, more particularly Willigis's cathedral in Mainz, St. Riquier in Centula and St. Cyriacus of Genrode. St. Michael's, to be sure, had its antecedents; it is a summation of the church architecture of the Carolingian-Ottonian age. In particular it is the fructification of lower Saxon architectural development. Where the master of Genrode faltered and sometimes missed, Bernward in St. Michael's proceeded with a steady hand toward an ultimate harmony of mass and form.

His church is built on mathematical principles in accord with the symbolism of the three orders in the nine angel choirs whose chief is Saint Michael. A central nave is flanked by two aisles and crossed by two transepts. The intersections of the nave and the transepts form, as it were, basic rectangles. Between these basic rectangles the nave extends in a series of three rectangles marked by piers at their corners with columns between them. The four transept ends likewise are rectangular and are devoted to galleries forming double choirs—the so-called "Angels' Choirs" from which one could look down into the basic rectangular spaces set off by eaves-high arches of red and white (now yellow) sandstone. In the transepts and the nave there are, therefore, three times three rectangles. At the west end steps lead up from the basic rectangle of the transept and nave to the choir in which the monks of St. Michael's monastery recited their office. This choir, so raised above the general *niveau* of the building, permits the crypt below it to be partly above ground and thus to receive light from without—an unusual feature. At the east end the basic rectangle led into a full apse where stood the altar of the Holy Cross before which the congregation worshiped. This central apse was flanked on each side by apses integrated with the other rectangles of the east transept. To preserve the integrity of this rectangular plan the entrances were placed in the north and south aisles.

Once in the church the worshiper was always in a rectangle but never so to speak, either enclosed or lost. In whichever direction he looked he could see always the fundamentals of the whole structural scheme marked by piers, varied by columns. As the rhythmical grouping of isolated spaces and the frontality of everything within worked for internal unity, the carrying of the basic rectangles upward to pyramidal towers above the nave and transept ridges secured rhythmic balance for the exterior. To offset the massiveness of the whole, lesser towers, octagonal to the eaves-line and circular above, rose at the four transept ends—the series of three now expressed in towers.

From what remains of the Bernwardian interior it is safe to conclude that there was nowhere architectural display; nothing, therefore, to distract the attention of the worshiper from the purpose for which he had entered the church. There was accordingly no interference with the free functioning of the minor arts which Bernward so richly employed in the furnishings of the building and the *utensilia* of the liturgy.

Sad as it is to see that what Bernward wrought as a unity should, like his remains, have been desecrated and scattered, there is comfort in the thought that his work, now appreciated, still enriches the city he loved. The importance of his art as illustrating the blending and fusing of the antique and the native and in the evolution of Romanesque is another story.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—Readers of the London *Universe* and other English Catholic papers were recently urged to write the Holy Father personally to petition for the canonization of Blessed John Fisher (1459-1535) and Blessed Thomas More (1477-1535). * * * At a regional meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, held at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, November 27-28, Bishop McDevitt of Harrisburg said the purpose of the conferences was "to make some contribution to the mighty problem, how best to reconcile the claims of capital and labor. . . ." Father Thorning of New York declared that private ownership must be extended among the large number of propertyless wage-earners and unemployed. * * * The Comédie-Française has been presenting Paul Claudel's "L'Otage" (The Hostage) which deals with a fictitious abduction of Pope Pius VII from the hands of Napoleon. * * * The Catholic Association for International Peace held a regional conference at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, November 30. The same day the annual Pan-American Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., with the Most Reverend Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate, presiding, the Most Reverend Emmet M. Walsh, Bishop of Charleston, pontificating, and the diplomatic representatives of ten Latin-American countries in attendance. * * * At St. Michael's Cathedral in Toronto in the presence of a number of school children Reverend W. D. Muckle blessed five baby carriages which had been purchased for the Dionne quintuplets by Edward D. Eichenlaub of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. * * * Reverend Juan B. de Luis y Perez, Bishop of Oviedo and friend of the Spanish workingman, died at Madrid, broken-hearted at the murder of his Vicar and his Secretary and the burning of his residence with its archives and library at the hands of the revolutionaries. * * * The Canadian Jewish Congress and all Protestant denominations in Canada have promised to support the Legion of Decency campaign launched by the Catholic bishops of Ontario. * * * *Harrison's Reports* praises the government of New Zealand for giving the exhibitor the right to cancel one out of every four films he contracts for.

The Nation.—The program for national industrial recovery drawn up by the National Association of Manufacturers in their proposed drive for cooperation between employers, labor and government, was to many a little surprising for its lack of novelty. It advocates balancing the national budget, return to the gold standard, a manufacturers' sales tax to be collected by the government and shared by the states, and it opposes government competition in industry, centralization of government control of business and is for modified government control in labor relations in which unions should be made as responsible before the law as employers. A compulsory unemployment insurance plan for both public and private employees, was suggested. At the time this was written, the program was still being debated. * * * The inflation bloc in Congress has agreed on a program to be submitted to the next Congress calling for issuing about $10,000,000,000 of additional currency, which would presumably deflate the purchasing power of the dollar to the 1926 level. This plan, however, will be deferred until it is seen whether the present cooperative movement for business improvement shows substantial signs in the next two months of being effective. * * * Company dividends paid in November were the largest of any month since February, 1932, and the largest November disbursements since 1931. * * * Robert J. Cuddihy, publisher of the *Literary Digest,* was appointed a member of the New York Temporary Emergency Relief Administration by Governor Lehman. * * * The largest astronomical reflector in the world, 200 inches in diameter, 1,000,000 times more powerful than the human eye as a gatherer of light and permitting man to survey three times as far into the universe as he now does, was successfully cast at Corning, New York * * * There were 27 deaths this fall attributable to football, compared to 36 last year, 38 in 1932 and 50 in 1931. * * * Charging wilful negligence in the Morro Castle disaster in which 124 persons perished, a federal grand jury indicted the company, the executive vice-president and two commanding officers—the acting captain and the chief engineer.

The Wide World.—On December 3, French and German diplomats, meeting in Rome, signed an agreement with reference to the Saar Basin. Although this needed ratification by the League Council, observers everywhere assumed that it was as good as gold. The Hitler government promised to ban all acts of reprisal in the region and to accord, during a year following the vote, complete freedom from molestation for reasons of race, religion or language. The estimated bulk of French currency in the district—900,000,000 francs—will be paid to France for the mines, and the Germans will in addition deliver 11,000,000 tons of coal. This agreement does not, of course, settle the Saar problem, but the consensus of opinion is that danger of an immediate international conflict over the issue has been eliminated. * * * Having announced a new "program of recovery" to greatly disturbed compatriots, Premier Etienne Flandin settled back to enjoy the Chamber debates. The most signal episode was a clash with Paul Reynaud, advocate of devaluation. Challenging the facts and figures offered by cheap money men, the government reiterated its determination to stay on a gold basis. Visions of a balanced budget were dispelled as chimerical and unimportant. * * * Another "plot" was unearthed after the assassination of Sergei Kirov, member of Russia's all-powerful Politburo, by thirty-year-old Leonid Nikolaev. Seventy-odd former "white guards" were seized by police as "plotters";

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all the resources of terrorism were brought to bear on alleged "enemies of the people." It was also rumored that reorganization of the Ogpu would be effected immediately. On December 4, sixty-six of the accused were executed by order of a military tribunal which accorded the prisoners no chance to defend themselves. * * * As world opinion weighed the meaning of the breakdown of the London naval parleys, Japan took steps to abrogate the Naval Limitation Treaty.

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The Mexican Situation.—Mexican citizens, led by Señor Alberto Maria Carreno, undertook the defense of the Most Reverend L. Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate. Published correspondence indicated that Archbishop Ruiz had faithfully carried out instructions from the Holy See to the effect that priests were to be cautioned against political activity and that the defense of the Faith must not be attempted through the use of violence. Meanwhile the Mexican Senate was informed that since an adequate number of states had ratified the amendment to the Constitution (Article 3 and Section XXV of Article 73) making possible a socialistic education experiment, the law was binding henceforth. Catholics prepared to resist quietly, an organization of mothers being in process of formation. In various states, anti-religious demonstrations organized by the government led to acts of violence and vandalism. The governor of Chihuahua padlocked Mormon meeting-houses; the legislature of Yucatan has requested permission to turn all Catholic churches into libraries. The federal government closed the home for the aged in Mexico City, sending the Little Sisters of the Poor—long in charge of the institution—into exile. Public antipathy to these and other deeds is still reflected in the press; and both *Excelsior* and *El Hombre Libre* published editorial denunciations of anti-clerical excesses. In the United States a large number of Catholic assemblages passed resolutions condemning the policy of the Mexican government. New York, Toledo, Newark, Fredericksburg, Brooklyn and Chicago were among cities where addresses on the subject were delivered. The *Living Church,* Episcopal publication, issued a lengthy editorial expressing the conviction that "the present government in Mexico is not only anti-religious in avowed intention, but also is determined by force to stamp out religion in the interest of a godless collectivist program built on the Russian model." Other non-Catholic journals used similar language.

The German Outlook.—Unmistakable signs of trouble appeared in the Hitler Reich. A "flight from the mark" is in progress, leading to excited purchases of goods by a citizenry which feels that currency inflation is only a little way off. The current revival of domestic trade is, therefore, viewed with alarm in many industrial quarters, which predict a calamitous shortage of raw materials unless world market and credit conditions improve. More important is the debate over cultural matters, which has now sundered the nation into many groups of pros and antis. Open Catholic resistance to Nazi education, particularly to the views of Dr. Rosenberg, has grown strong in numerous places. Thus the Archdiocese of Cologne issued a special brochure of 128 pages containing an "official" critique of the "Myth of the Twentieth Century" and kindred publications. In the realm of secular culture also a stirring conflict has been in progress. Wilhelm Furtwaengler, famous director of the Berlin orchestra and for a time chief musical director of the Third Reich, was typical of those leaders of art and thought who felt that by endeavoring to cooperate with Hitlerism they could save at least something from the wreck. But the intransigeance of Dr. Goebbels and his supporters finally made an issue of Paul Hindesmith, modern composer; and there was nothing left for Herr Furtwaengler to do but tender his resignation. This leaves Germany without a major musician for the first time in modern history, since Richard Strauss is only nominally a German and Hans Pfitzner, for all his pique, belongs to the past. Brawls inside the Nazi party were also in evidence, with the tide still going strong against the old revolutionaries. The dismissal of Helmut Brueckner, notorious governor of Silesia, was another victory for the Reichswehr.

Repeal's First Year.—The first year of repeal of prohibition in the United States, which came to an end on December 5, brought forth a mixed parcel of statements and statistics. There was a marked increase in deaths by automobile accidents due to drunkenness. This and an increase in arraignments and convictions for drunkenness in the magistrates' courts in New York City were attributed not so much to an increase in drinking as to a change from the more subterranean drinking habits under prohibition. Records of the office of the Chief Medical Examiner in New York City indicated that 1934 would have the smallest number of deaths from alcohol poisoning since 1924. The records of one large municipal hospital, however, indicated a heavy increase in the cases of non-fatal alcoholism. Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, said on the subject in general: "You cannot talk prohibition today; the people won't pay any attention. We can relate the liquor traffic to virtually every current problem. None of the promises of relief made by the repealists have been kept. Repeal has not balanced the budget. It has certainly not stopped bootlegging. It has resulted in a great increase in drinking." Edward P. Mulrooney, chairman of the State Liquor Authority in New York, while emphasizing that repeal alone could not work wonders without sustained and vigorous enforcement of the laws directed against the huge and highly organized bootlegging business built up before repeal, noted substantial gains to legitimate business, honest employment and real estate values, an added state revenue of $45,000,000, a trend to moderation and a marked abatement of hip-flask drinking and of the general callousness to lawbreaking.

United Fronts.—The first merger of revolutionary parties to take place in this country since the war was effected last week when the American Workers party and the Communist League (America) held a joint na-

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tional convention and emerged the Workers party of the United States. The A. W. P. was the political result of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action and had the allegiance of powerful revolutionary unions and unemployed leagues. The Communist League was known as the "Trotzkyites" and likewise had union and unemployed support. The new party is revolutionary, Marxist, Leninist and anti-Stalinist, according to its own analyses and aspirations. Also since Thanksgiving Day, the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party has had a three-day meeting in which they thrashed out the problems of the united front. The famous breach in the S. P. ranks into Right and Left Wings was most pronounced in the discussion. The Left Wing tended to united front with the Communist party and put through a resolution postponing national action until the party convention of 1936, but permitting in the meantime local and regional collaboration with the C. P. upon sanction by the state or national executive committees. Right-wing influence succeeded in arranging for a political survey to test the feasibility of starting a Farmer-Labor party similar to the British party and far different from any organization that would have united fronts with the Communists. It is interesting to note that the press, at least in New York City, is beginning to feature news about these untraditional political developments in America.

The Hershey School.—Efforts made by the Most Reverend Philip R. McDevitt, Bishop of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to induce directors of the Hershey Industrial School to afford Catholic pupils an opportunity to practise their religion were for a time seemingly unsuccessful. The press reported that the directors found the request impractical, and contented themselves with promises to provide "non-sectarian" religious training. Some spirited editorials commented on the situation. On November 26, Mr. M. S. Hershey himself took a hand and addressed the following note to Bishop McDevitt: "I wish to say frankly that I appreciate your sense of responsibility for Catholic children who are under your care, and I do not underrate the position you have taken in this matter. However, it is necessary to say that conditions exist at the Hershey Industrial School which make it difficult to provide for the various groups of boys who come to the institution. Our buildings, which number thirty-seven units, are widely scattered over an area of 5,500 acres. Moreover, the Catholic Church in Hershey is not close to our school. Nevertheless I believe that in spite of circumstances it will be possible, after due consideration, to outline a plan whereby the spiritual instruction of Catholic boys will be possible without interference with the regular order and discipline of the school."

Chesterton on Roosevelt.—The leading editorial in a recent issue of *GK's Weekly,* edited by G. K. Chesterton, discusses President Roosevelt's personal victory in the last elections, which it characterizes as "one of the greatest personal triumphs ever accorded to one man. . . . The great point about Roosevelt is that he has acquired an absolute but genial dictatorship without the use of a single rifle or a single squad of men. He did not have to hypnotize people with a crooked cross or befuddle them with paganism and crank history, or suppress rival political groups and drive the voters to the polling booths after an unexampled campaign of propaganda. . . . After two years of his policies there was still an extreme poverty and distress in the United States. His opponents, the monied interests, controlled the most powerful instruments of propaganda. . . . That decision [the elections] will probably stand as the major event of a year not deficient in sensations, for it seems that with Roosevelt we are at a turning point of history. . . . It remains to notice that the work of President Roosevelt affects the whole world, if only in the sense that with these principles he stands out as the belated anti-type of Lenin. But the importance of his work is already more than the appearance of a new spirit in world affairs. By definite actions he has driven the money-lenders and financiers, the secretly profiteering rings, into the open; he has crippled Wall Street and reasserted the powers of the government above the combines; so he has all but forced the necessity of a New Deal upon ourselves. It is certainly true that the choice of political futures is no longer confined to the alternatives of Fascism and Communism. It is unfortunate that we do not possess a Roosevelt."

Housing.—The executive branch of the national government has recently had violent internal debates over a housing plan to be advocated before the legislature. On one side Secretary of Commerce Roper, Federal Housing Administrator James A. Moffett and Raymond J. Moley were striving to keep all plans from interfering with private real estate and construction. Their watchword was 5 percent interest. On the other side, Relief Administrator Hopkins and Secretary of Interior Ickes and Rexford G. Tugwell were scorning the ability of private interests to revive the construction industry and to provide decent housing. They wanted a maximum of 3 percent interest. The President publicly convinced his advisers that there are two distinct fields of activities: one being slum clearance, subsistence homesteads and rural homesteads; and the other the assistance of present home owners, present mortgage owners and present real estate men. A jurisdictional quarrel between Secretary Ickes and Administrator Hopkins on control of the slum work was settled on December 3 when these two members of the liberal group talked things over with President Roosevelt. Mr. Hopkins wants a Federal Relief Corporation with $8,000,000,000 or $9,000,000,000 to take up the work of subsistence homesteads and slum clearance, and Secretary Ickes, as head of the P. W. A., said such a program could be started within sixty days. The housing problem is linked to the relief problem and to cooperation with the Chamber of Commerce in furnishing a battleground for the progressive and reactionary forces in the administration.

Three Rows to Hoe.—Virtually all members of the Republican party in the United States have admitted that

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major measures must be undertaken if it is to remain a dominant political force in the country. A special meeting of the Republican National Committee has been called for January to discuss the three roads that different factions are advocating. The personnel of the National Committee itself would be changed if the liberal branches of the party should succeed. The supporters of the present party régime, who hate the New Deal and want the Republican party to "stand its ground in this tremendous crisis," are most vigorously represented by Henry P. Fletcher, Charles D. Hilles, Mark Requa (Hoover's representative), Representatives Fish and Snell, and Melvin C. Eaton. The younger New York Republicans and a large senatorial bloc, led by Senators Borah and Vandenberg and Steiwer, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, have all come out in favor of a sharp turn to the Left, or at least a distinct liberalization which would include new national committeemen. Colonel Roosevelt's announcement of December 4, favoring Borah and opposing Hilles, made the position of Ogden J. Mills, James W. Wadsworth and F. Trubee Davison and the New York *Herald Tribune* obscure and of great interest. The third faction in the party believes it necessary to abandon the whole organization, and to build a third party, perhaps with the La Follette Progressive party as framework. These people are the Western agrarians, led by various senators and especially by the La Follettes and Senator Nye. They want a party further Left than the Democrats and cannot imagine the Republicans ever arriving there.

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Banking News.—One and one-half percent of the total number of the country's bank depositors hold title to about two-thirds of all the bank deposits, according to a preliminary report by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. This report showed that on October 1 there were 49,800,000 fully insured and 800,000 partially insured depositors. In the 13,936 reporting banks, there were in round numbers in fully insured deposits $16,000,000,000 and in not insured deposits $20,000,000,000. Under the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation law, deposits are insured only up to $5,000. In New York State, only 23 percent of the deposits in member banks were insured, as compared with 60 percent of those outside the state. This indicated that a great number of the large deposits above the $5,000 limit were in New York and that most of the country's large depositors did their banking in this state. Since the application of the Deposit Insurance Law, January 1, 1934, seven insured banks have failed. These had 14,000 depositors and deposits of about $1,500,000, and when liquidated the insurance liability was about $600,000. Sixty banks in all, including insured and uninsured, have failed since the first of the year, involving deposits of about $40,000,000. This compares with an average of about 600 banks a year failing since 1920, and the improvement is attributed by officials to deposit insurance. The American Bankers' Association announced an increase in savings deposits in all banks in the United States of $742,132,000 for the year ended on June 30, the first increase in a year since 1930.

Retail Industry.—The Bureau of Census has just issued figures on retail sales and employment for the year 1933. According to John Dickinson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, 1933 was the low year of the depression for the industry and every month since April of that year has shown an increase in retail employment. The total sales made by the 1,526,119 reporting stores amounted to $25,037,225,000, a drop of 49 percent in value since 1929. There was an average of 2,703,325 full-time employees and 730,327 part-time, and the total payroll was $2,910,445,000. Between 1929 and 1933 the number of full-time employees decreased 29.5 percent, and their payroll, 47 percent. The number of part-time employees increased 28.3 percent, and their payroll, 52.4 percent. The total payroll for the industry was down 43.9 percent. The average annual earnings of the full-time workers was $1,312 in 1929, and in 1933, $986—a decrease of 24.9 percent. Last year there were 1,574,341 proprietors and firm members working in their own stores, or 64,000 more than in 1929. It is estimated that this year retail trade will equal about $28,000,000,000, a gain of approximately $5,000,000,000, and this should be accompanied by gains (not necessarily proportionate) in employment and payroll.

What Has the New Deal Cost?—In offering the public $900,000,000 in 3⅛ percent bonds and 1⅛ percent Treasury notes, December 3, the Treasury announced a federal government deficit of $1,432,240,962 for the first five months of the 1934-1935 fiscal year, almost twice the figure for the same period last year. Nevertheless, subscriptions for this offering, from all parts of the country, reached $5,400,000,000 the first day. The December number of *Fortune* poses the question of government credit as follows: "Have the people of the United States an essential belief in the wisdom of the present government spending? If they have, credit will remain unshaken; if they have not, we are in for a pretty bad time of it." From March 3, 1933, to October 15, 1934, President Roosevelt has had $14,000,000,000 at his disposal and almost half of it has been paid out to what *Fortune* believes might be considered good risks, a group which includes some 75 percent of the expenditures for the A.A.A. and non-federal public works projects as well as all normal operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In the "doubtful" class which comprises about one-eighth of the disbursements are the T.V.A., the Farm Credit Administration, "which should not be a further drain on the budget," and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. From the third group, the remainder of the government expenditures, like direct relief, nothing can be expected to be paid back. According to these calculations the New Deal so far has cost less than $7,500,000,000, or about one-tenth of the national income of the period. *Fortune* wonders whether "a tithe to succor the industrial, financial, agricultural and individual victims of the depression" is too much.

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The Play

By GRENVILLE VERNON

Gold Eagle Guy

"GOLD EAGLE GUY" is the Group Theatre's latest excursion into the field of Americana, a field which at times has proved both artistically and financially profitable, and it is not difficult to understand why the San Francisco of post-Gold-Rush days should have appealed as the next venture for the young artists of this organization. Of all cities on the American continent San Francisco is the most romantic and its history the most colorful. Perhaps the Group Theatre would not be flattered to be referred to as a group of young romanticists, but the fact remains that Milton Levy's play is an essay into romanticism—take it or leave it. That it is far from a successful essay is also true, despite the opportunity it gives for mass acting and for the use of scenery. For "Gold Eagle Guy" possesses no character development, indeed it might be said it possesses no characters at all—even though one of them is labeled "Adah Isaacs Menken"—and the method of its exposition is that of the novelist rather than of the writer for the theatre. Its climaxes jump up and almost as immediately subside, its figures come and go and dissolve, and at the end no one knows what the author really intended—whether he meant the play to be the character study of an unprincipled financial pirate, or the picture of an epoch, or just an exciting melodrama. If he meant it as a character study it certainly fails, for Guy Button, for all his bellowings and posturings, never comes to life; if he meant it as the picture of an epoch, it is such only in its external trappings; if he meant it for good old-fashioned melodrama, it is not exciting enough.

That "Gold Eagle Guy" never becomes a bore is owing to the fact that its director, Leo Strasberg, knows how to move his crowds, and its scenic designer, Donald Oenslager, knows how to build scenery as a background for these crowds. If drama were impersonal, or if it could deal entirely with mass psychology, Mr. Levy's play might have proved important, but whatever the Bolshevik government may say, drama remains the province of individual human beings, and in the depiction of man primarily as a human entity it must stand or fall.

Mr. Levy probably realizes this, for as the title of his play refers to an individual, so very probably he meant the play itself to revolve around this central figure. At the rise of the curtain we see Guy Button as a sailor in a San Francisco dance-hall, and in the succeeding scenes we watch him rise to affluence, crush opposition by wholesale murder, destroy the artistic integrity of a young artist who has fallen in love with his wife, and finally be crushed to death himself in the earthquake of 1906. But never once do we really believe in Button. Mr. Levy undoubtedly envisaged his hero as an indomitable, hard-bitten Anglo-Saxon, a figure still saturated with Puritanism, yet ruthless and immoral. There were such figures in early California and they are well worth dramatic evocation, but Mr. Levy's Button is no such figure, any more than is his Adah Menken the actress who fascinated Swinburne and Dumas. Mr. Levy's Button is far from a satisfying portrait of a pioneer.

J. Edward Bromberg, who in his own field is one of the most admirable actors now before the public, does not help matters in his portrayal of Button. He roars, makes faces, bellows, makes more faces, and generally overacts. But then of course the playwright gives him small chance to do otherwise. Miss Stella Adler does what she can with Adah Menken, but can do little, for Mr. Levy's actress is without any dramatic bite, indeed without character at all. The best performances are given by Morris Carnovsky, who gives real distinction to Parrott, the banker; by Margaret Barker, who plays Jess Sargent with charm of manner and whose speech has become gratefully less adenoidal than it was in some former performances; by Eunice Stoddard in a short comedy bit; and by Bob Lewis as a Japanese shipping magnate. Many of the other parts are tolerably well visualized, but nowhere is there the sureness of touch which made the Group Theatre's "Men in White" memorable. In short, "Gold Eagle Guy" is successful neither as a melodrama of the type of "The Girl of the Golden West," nor as a human document. But its crowds have movement and color and its scenery is excellent. (At the Morosco Theatre.)

Hedda Gabler

THOUGH Miss Eva Le Gallienne has abandoned the old Fourteenth Street Theatre, her repertory company still exists, and her revival of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" proves how fortunate the American stage is in having one such organization, and in having Miss Le Gallienne to head it. We have seen her Hedda before. It was always an interesting enactment, but like the true artist she is, Miss Le Gallienne has not been willing to rest on past laurels. The result is that her impersonation is now one of the finest ever seen in New York. It has gained in power and in intellectual grasp and especially in variety of mood and command of detail. The inflections of her voice and her use of gesture are always significant and often thrilling. It has been said that Miss Le Gallienne is primarily an intellectual actress. This may have been true in the past, but it is so no longer. Her Hedda is a masterpiece of tortured emotion, though emotion which, true to the character, she never fully unleashes. It is today one of the most distinguished creations of the modern theatre. Eva Le Gallienne, young as she is, is rapidly taking the place left vacant by the death of Mrs. Fiske. Her company today is an admirable one. It is doubtful if New York has ever seen a George Tesman so superbly played as it is by Paul Leyssac. Mr. Leyssac makes it a masterpiece of the fussy academic soul. Beatrice de Neergaard gives a beautifully sincere portrayal of Mrs. Elvsted, Hugh Buckler is a dominant Judge Brack, and Donald Cameron's Eilert Lovborg is poignant in his sensitiveness and weakness. (At the Broadhurst Theatre.)

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Communications

THE IGNORANT AND DIRTY

Williamstown, Mass.

TO the Editor: One of your readers had the kindness to send me anonymously a copy of your issue of October 26, 1934, and thus I had the opportunity of reading yesterday for the first time your remarks about me. What a delightful time you had in making me look like a prize ass! I suppose the idea behind such an editorial is that after reading it your readers may have the pleasure of thanking God that they are not as these Protestants. I have heard a great deal from time to time concerning the prevalence of blind faith among Roman Catholics, but I never imagined that it included believing everything one read in the papers!

This whole episode upon which you so sarcastically editorialize was due to an erroneous report of what I said. The account of what actually happened appears in the enclosed article, clipped from the November 1 issue of the *Churchman* and written by the chairman of the meeting at which I spoke, the Reverend William B. Spofford. I might call to your attention also the account in the *Christian Century* (October 31) by a correspondent unknown to me who characterized my talk by noting that I said "openly what most observers of Russia take for granted."

Inasmuch as you did give me such a royal panning, even going to the length of stating that I made "the extraordinary manifestation of nearly everything regrettable," I trust that it is not too much to ask of you to correct this evil and erroneous picture you have given of me to your readers, most of whom never having so much as heard of me before, now no doubt can almost see Mephistophelian horns appearing.

REV. GARDINER M. DAY.

Quotation from the Reverend William B. Spofford's article in the Churchman (November 1, 1934):

"The address of the Reverend Gardiner M. Day, rector of St. John's, Williamstown, Massachusetts [at the meeting of the Church League for Industrial Democracy], caused no end of a stir. . . . I was one of the principals in the little drama and do, I believe, know more about what happened than a number of the gentlemen who spoke pieces on the subject.

"First of all, Gardiner Day was asked to give the impressions he had as a result of a summer spent in the Soviet Union. He began by saying just that, and made it clear that he was not silly enough to set himself up as an expert when he had spent but six weeks in Russia.

"He did a good job; he told us of the tremendous advances that have been made in many fields: industry, education, art, prison reform. He then spoke of the church of czarist days, saying only what everyone knows perfectly well, that it was a reactionary force before the revolution and a counter-revolutionary force since. He then told an amusing story of an experience he had with an American friend living in Russia and married to a Russian wife. Day had written him in anticipation of his visit, suggesting that he would like to be shown about Moscow. The American friend, obliged to be out of the city on business, asked his wife to show the American visitor around. To this request the Russian wife replied, 'I wouldn't be seen on the street with a priest. They are dirty and ignorant.' The speaker said that this was the opinion many Russians had of priests—he most certainly did not give it as his own opinion of them.

"Probably there would not have been a line in the newspapers about this meeting had it not been for the presence of the Reverend Sergius Bulgakoff, dean of the Russian Orthodox Seminary in Paris; a man, incidentally, who is as much opposed to the present capitalist system as one can possibly be, as he himself clearly indicated at a later forum at which he spoke.

"At the conclusion of Day's address, as chairman of the meeting, I urged Dr. Bulgakoff to speak. This he refused to do, though Mr. Paul Anderson, who is managing his visit to this country, did speak and as a man who has spent many years in Russia. He said that he agreed with everything the speaker had said, except the disposition that was made of the treasures of the church at the time of the famine. He felt that the church had played the game better than Day had indicated—in everything else he agreed with Day, and so stated.

"Following the meeting Dr. Bulgakoff came to me a bit excited and said that I had sinned in allowing 'that young man to speak.' I merely reminded him that we had free speech in America, that when the Church League for Industrial Democracy asked a man to speak we wanted him to say what he thought, and that we hoped he himself would speak frankly the following Saturday when he was to take his place on our program, even though some of us might disagree with him. It just happened that a newspaper reporter was standing by during this conversation. Being rather short of copy that had any kick in it (and it might be well for churchmen generally to realize that conflict is what newspapers seek in reporting a convention like this) he went to the press room and told the boys that he had a good story. It appeared in a number of papers the following morning. The host of the convention, Bishop Matthews of New Jersey, read the story and apparently with no further information than the newspaper account of the affair, publicly apologized for the incident at the great convention service on Sunday morning. This was still further fuel for the newspapers and they made the most of it in their convention stories of Monday morning. Then Bishop Manning of New York added his bit with an address in the House of Bishops in which he likewise jumped on Gardiner Day for things that Day had not said. Meanwhile Dr. Bulgakoff, his manager, Mr. Paul Anderson, and Gardiner Day were having a love feast in an Atlantic City hotel.

"Following the meeting of the C.L.I.D., at which Dr. Bulgakoff spoke—an address, incidentally, that I rather imagine would startle his champions, since it was as throughly radical as anything said at these meetings—I asked him if he had understood Day to characterize Russian priests as 'dirty and ignorant.' He replied, 'No,'

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as did also Mr. Paul Anderson. Whereupon Dr. Bulgakoff added with a very happy smile that it might be well to arrange another 'attack' since it had 'added greatly to my popularity.'

"There is the story. You can pick your own heroes and villains. As for me I can find neither heroes nor villains but only amusement, particularly over dignified gentlemen who jump into the arena to champion causes, armed with no more knowledge than what they get out of a paragraph in the morning newspaper."

AMONG THE FLATHEAD INDIANS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions with offices at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City, again follows its usual practise of making a special appeal at Christmas for one of its neediest Missions. This year the appeal is in response to the urgent request of His Excellency Most Reverend Ralph L. Hayes, D.D., new Bishop of Helena, Montana, in behalf of the Ursuline Sisters Girls' School at historic St. Ignatius Mission. Bishop Hayes pleads:

"The problem that now confronts me is the saving of the Ursuline Sisters' School among the Flathead Indians. The Sisters at St. Ignatius Mission have no funds of their own. They are entirely dependent upon charity. Far from receiving any tuition from the Indian girls, the Sisters must clothe, feed and shelter these girls as well as instruct them in their religion, teach them all the branches of the school curriculum and train them in the domestic arts. Some of these girls are orphans and the only home they have is the Ursuline School. Left to themselves, the Sisters face the heart-rending prospect of being compelled, by lack of means, to close their school, thus endangering the Faith of many of these little girls.

"This is my first appeal. I have every confidence that it will meet with a generous response from our Catholic people.

"Our Holy Father, in a recent private audience, gave His special blessing for all those who contribute and I add my own humble blessing and thanks."

We must help this great Bishop to save the Ursuline Sisters' School at St. Ignatius Mission. I have visited this Mission a number of times. The Ursuline Sisters have done splendid work for the girls of the Flathead Indian tribe. I can assure you that the closing of their school would be nothing short of a calamity. It is the only Catholic Mission School for girls on this vast reservation.

The Sisters will need plenty of plain food to nourish the bodies of these little girls and fuel to keep them warm against Montana's usually bitterly cold winter. I know our Catholic people and the friends of our Indian Missions will want, if at all possible, to send this apostolic Bishop a real substantial sum to keep this worthy Mission school going until times get better.

In the name of our Infant Saviour, I urge our friends to give what they can in response to Bishop Hayes's touching appeal.

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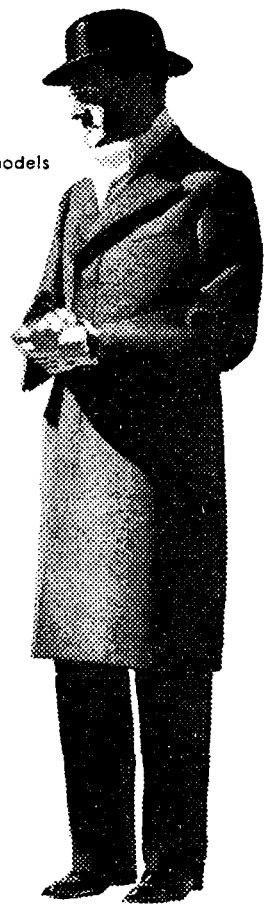

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Next Week

The Christmas number of The Commonweal has its own special Christmas adornment in an article by G. K. Chesterton, CHRISTMAS AND THE MARTYRS. How the blood-red sunset of Fisher and More contributed to saving the feast, with its fireside cheer and expression of the joy of giving, is related and extended to its ultimate significance as a saving of the spirit typefied by Christmas throughout the world and the years. "It must be admitted," writes Mr. Chesterton, "that Henry VIII, who murdered More and Fisher, was originally as merry a murderer as we can reasonably expect any murderer on a large scale to be; and whatever else he wanted to murder, he certainly did not want to murder Merry England." How would-be merry murderers murder merriment, and the apparently unhappy martyr happily saves it, is something not so remote this very Christmas. . . . THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY, by Dimitri Merejkowsky, author of the memorable biography of Leonardo da Vinci, explores the synthesis of Christian civilization which is intimately united with European civilization. Leonardo and Goethe and Dante expressed the epitome of that civilization and the author finds that its decline began with a lukewarm Christianity which absolved itself from good works for the poor, the feeble and the sick, and left a resynthesis of society to forces denying Christ. . . . WE ARE ALL CENSORS, by T. O'R. Boyle, defends the Legion of Decency from three attacks made against it respectively in the *Nation*, *Today* and *Liberty*. . . . CATHOLIC GREEN PASTURES, by John T. Gillard, concludes his present study of the relations of the Catholic Church and the Negro, the first part of which appears in this issue.

Books

Recent Verse

Cup of the Years, by J. Corson Miller. Boston: Bruce Humphries. $1.75.

Poems in Shorthand, by Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50.

The Mysteries of the Rosary and Other Poems, by John J. Rauscher, S.M. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50.

MR. MILLER is not only a poet; he is a very special kind of poet. For many years now he has been one of the few men who have written genuine religious verse, who could be joyous without being whimsical, suggestive without being obscure, and metaphysical without being mathematical. "Cup of the Years" is the expression of singing faith in language which, despite some technical flaws, is of the golden coinage of poetry. There is a militant exultation in this mature volume, and convictions so strong that one is stirred much more by Mr. Miller's verses than by the work of superior craftsmen.

Although the central theme concerns that active peace which is the source of the poet's turbulent joy there is sufficient variety in subject and mood to relieve the book of monotony. "On An Old Woman Who Has Known Sorrow" "with flint and iron as sap from her withering soul" is sharply distinguished from "Pageant" with its

> ". . . music mines of Samarcand—
> The holy wells of wonder and of awe. . . ."

And the metaphysical "laughter dripping from your eyes" in "Amor in Excelsis" is balanced by the solemn "symmetric stones and iron ecstasies" in "New Cathedral, Salamanca." There are "June," which is "for joy and blue, tremendous mornings," and the "five red roses blown of blood" in "His Wealth of Agony," delicately etched night scenes and psalms of praise. "Cup of the Years" is a work of high talent. Its occasional blends of Blake and Shelley, some obviously uncertain lines and one or two banal pieces in no wise destroy its essential importance.

"Poems in Shorthand" are in the author's words "gathered out of the commonplace, and whittled . . . into a rather blunt point of suggestion." Perhaps the best example of this technique is to be found in the verse entitled "The Sky Comes Down the Subway Stair":

> "Rarely,
> As is the way of beauty
> Here,
> There yet may be—
> Even down here
> In all this troubled flow—
> As in a word will lie
> A flower, among dark leaves,
> One rescuing, proud face."

Mr. Low has attempted to set down the lyrical thought rather than the thoughtful lyric, the bare perception

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which is analogous to Wordsworth's sight of the daffodils before they flashed before his inward eye. His book consists, in my opinion, of ideas for poems rather than of poems themselves, of a set of notes awaiting rapturous recollection for their final poetic form. The method is similar to that of imagism save that it represents meanings as well as objects. "Poems in Shorthand" is a book of meditations for the quiet reader and an interesting experiment for those who speculate on the psychology of poetry.

In "The Mysteries of the Rosary and Other Poems" Father Rauscher's personal fervor conveys to his religious lyrics a note of sincerity which few of his readers will fail to appreciate. His verses on the mysteries and on other moral and dogmatic subjects unfortunately follow the conventional line, and although one must always take into account the fact that religious poetry is the most difficult of all varieties, one can hardly excuse the parade of "Lo's" and "Alases" marching to the tune of "soon" and "moon." At times Father Rauscher abandons his exclamations and contractions to achieve an admirable Anglo-Saxon simplicity, and at other times his verse approximates prayer, so that if he has written little poetry he has at least given us a very interesting human document.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

Doctor and Gentleman

A Time to Keep, by Halliday Sutherland. New York: William Morrow and Company. $3.00.

IMAGINE a doctor's memoirs written in a spirit almost completely the opposite of that which informs "The Story of San Michele." Visualize furthermore a narrative which seems to have absorbed the essence of both Stevenson and Carlyle, though it is written in a manner burrier and more harum-scarum than either would have liked. Having done all this, you may be in a proper mood to relish this eminently Scotch book, by a dependable physician, a solid human being who has enjoyed life, a citizen benevolently bellicose upon occasion, an indefatigable liberal and a convert to the Catholic Church.

Suppose we deal with the last-named rôle first. Dr. Sutherland is direct and modest on the subject of his religious conversion. He had known very little about ecclesiasticism in any form; but Belloc's "Path to Rome" (a masterpiece to the excellence of which its author proved, alas, too much in a hurry to remain faithful!) happened to reach him at the proper moment, and there followed a common-sense investigation of the claims of the Church. Dr. Sutherland entered under no illusions, and he has accumulated few since. His is the Catholicism of a high-grade rationalist—sensible even about his emotions—who will probably get to heaven by way of reward for his chapter on Lourdes. (Of course to the present reviewer it looks as if the Doctor might well put forward other modest claims at the Petrine gate, but that chapter is of very especial spiritual excellence and literary value.)

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Dr. Sutherland loves to reminisce. There are admirable tales about the medical profession, which attracts interesting men in every country but seems to be a particularly strong magnet for emphatic psychological types in Scotland. I feel that no other book has given me so much insight into the workings of the physician mind—which happens to be an unusually fascinating psychical landscape. The narrative is forthright, not always eulogistic, but one comes away convinced that the world's medicine men are a far better than average lot. There are masterly pages about boats and the sea, which our author seems to prize vastly above solid land. Some of them are as good as anything in L. A. G. Strong, which is going some. Finally there is ever so much about mere human nature, male and female, drunk and suffering, noble and dejected—and nowhere a line which a man might look back upon in shame.

To be brief, this is an exceptionally manly, valuable and pleasant book. The absence of all that is mealy-mouthed, captious, prosaic and pietistic seems astonishing in retrospect. I am therefore reminded of Archbishop Ullathorne's magnificent "Autobiography." From that to "A Time to Keep" is a pretty long way, but there is nothing half so good in between. Personally, I am vowing to walk about with a copy under my arm. It is meet and just to be a bit proud occasionally.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

A Caged Leopard

Ship without Sails, by Barbara Barclay Carter. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

HERE we have Dante in novelized form "carried to diverse ports and gulfs and shores" after his banishment from his beloved city of Florence. From his bitter wanderings, seasoning his food with another's salt and sadly stepping up and down another's stairs, is born "The Divine Comedy."

Dante is no longer the young patrician of Giotto's portrait but takes on the aspect of one of the caged leopards of the Piazza San Giovanni, his cheek often covered with blushes as he was obliged to beg. The "Vita Nuova" and his early love sonnets to Beatrice are things of the past. His nine-year-old love had early passed to paradise. Dante rejoins her only there, through his poem, having promised to write of her that which had never been written to mortal woman.

That patient Griselda, his wife Gemma, remaining in Florence with her family, was unable to follow him through his Odyssey to Luigiana, Verona, Lucca, Pisa, Rome and old Paris. Dino, his foster son, shares some part of the pilgrimage, lighting up the more somber passages of the book. Bice or Beatrice, his daughter, forgoes the human love of Dino for the Divine, and becomes a Dominican nun. The great poet dies at Ravenna at fifty years of age.

Barbara Carter's novel is divided into three parts: the political movements of the day, ending in the collapse of the United Christendom and the birth of separate nationalities; life at the University of Paris; and the

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culture of the Middle Ages. The story ends with the examination of Dante's poem by the Grand Inquisitor, whose final verdict is: "You can sing the 'Magnificat,' Dante, for He that is mighty has done great things for you."

"The age of great schoolmen, great cathedrals, when men were aware of heaven above their heads and hell beneath their feet," is ably depicted.

Though the book has its intricacies (the wording, doubtless following the speech of the day, is somewhat archaic), it shows loving scholarship and great descriptive beauties, and those who need an introduction to the greatest of all poems might do well to carefully peruse its pages.

Barbara Carter has studied her setting for several years. Her attempt to depict Dante in novelized form is daring and well executed.

CARMEL O'NEILL HALEY.

Short Stories

An Alley of Flashing Spears, by Donn Byrne. New York: D. Appleton-Centruy Company, $2.00.

IN "AN ALLEY OF FLASHING SPEARS," the first in this volume of nine hitherto unpublished short stories, there are all the pathos, the poignancy, the tragic romance that are essentially Donn Byrne. *Le temps revient*—that is the motif of this supremely human, superbly artistic love story, done in a perspective broader than is usually found in his work. From the ageless Empire of the T'angs, where "the suns rose golden and the moons were silver, and the people sang beneath the city walls," the reader is plunged into New York of today, and, with Nils Riordan pointing the way, is confronted with the most gigantic, the most appallingly powerful thing under God: the heart of the people. And because the people have so decreed, Nils Riordan must choose between them and Myrtle Delavan, his lovely affianced bride. Donn Byrne's answer may or may not please you; certainly it will teach you something.

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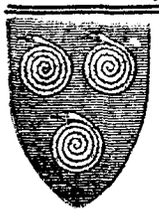
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Briefer Mention

The Revolt against Mechanism, by L. P. Jacks. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

THESE rather philosophical discourses were delivered last year in three British cities as the Hibbert Lectures. Dr. Jacks believes that religious faith and the mind and the creative urge are oppressed by physical and philosophical mechanism. We naturally and naively want to break through our mechanical environment. This book attempts to analyze the struggle and make it a wise struggle. In the first place the effort is assigned a purpose and direction, rather inadequate for a Catholic, but perhaps implying something better: to create without shackles. Mechanism is taken as the "resisting medium" in which creation takes place: it is not to be abolished, for it is universal, but is to be subordinated to the creative purpose of life. "The whole creative process in nature, art and human character is precisely that of 'loving the enemy' and so converting the resisting medium into the fulcrum of creative achievement—the secret of matter emerging into life, of life emerging into mind . . . of the soul rising to God." But in going on to elaborate this creative process, rank heresy develops, a die-hard romanticism, and total neglect of original sin. The book, in spite of its many agreeable and sensible observations, and intelligent basic outline, leaves a reader with even more wonder about creation.

Benthamite Reviewing, by George L. Nesbitt. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.75.

AFTER writing an introductory chapter on literary journalism in the palmy days of the *Edinburgh,* Mr. Nesbitt launches into a smoothly written and well-informed diagnosis of the *Westminster Review,* chief organ of the Benthamites and (in general) the Utilitarians. The material is appropriately divided into compartments; the criticism is pertinent and intelligent. Mr. Nesbitt's major contribution, however, is a series of agreeable portraits of minor literary figures such as John Bowring. In the background stand the great Mills. Tom Moore and Peacock are on the side lines. It is all useful minor literary history. Mr. Nesbitt has contributed a discussion of value to the history of journalism in English.

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